

Magic Moments

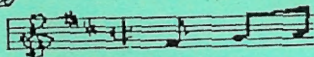


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Roedean School

Music Man



Doh Rah Me

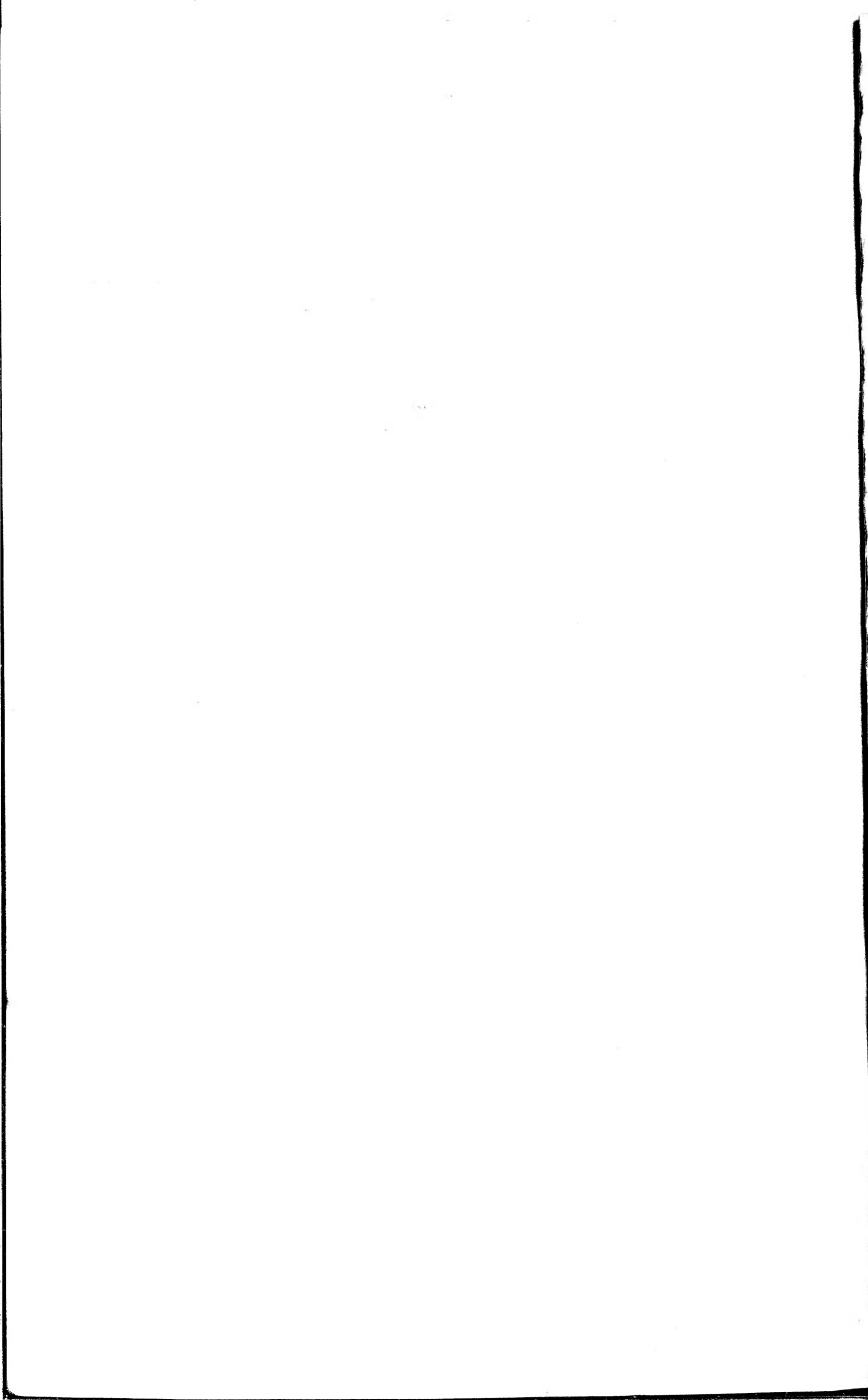
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Oomigooley Bird



Old Macdonald's Farm



# **Jacksing**

**by**

**Sharkey Ward**

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## **Acknowledgements**

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## Introduction

During my service in HM Forces I have accumulated a compilation of various songs. The songs vary from shanties to mess deck songs; from Rugby songs to pub favourites, from barrack room ballads to campaign songs.

In 1979, perhaps further inspired by the musical nature of most pubs in the form of the ceilidh bands, I began a half-hearted project in Arbroath . Unfortunately, after only half a dozen entries, the collection was lost.

Now that I have left HM Forces, with more time on my hands, I have been able to take the project much further.

Some of the songs I have not heard for some time which indicates that they are in danger of being forgotten completely as they lose their appeal to the younger servicemen. They therefore need recording before they are lost to posterity. Many have not been published before, some have migrated to and from the Rugby community which of course flourishes within the Forces. The songs are bawdy, crude, disrespectful, sometimes patriotic, more often treasonable and contain the inevitable swear words intrinsic to service life.

The entire collection is subjective and I have either heard or sung all of them myself during my service career and they are therefore personal favourites. Many of the songs I have recalled from memory, some I have had assistance from friends in the Forces, one or two are my own compositions entirely. The pub favourites and indeed the hymns are traditional yet I would include them in any collection of songs I love to sing simply because they are evocative, nostalgic and patriotic. Many of the songs I have not seen in print before.

Some are obviously well known melodies in their own right but others as far as I know are original melodies. It is the latter I feel should have an accompanying score so that if the song book is used as I envisage, a pianist or guitarist could easily pick up the tune. In the near future I will be printing a version with music scores for each song.

I am currently advertising in service journals to add yet more titles and forgotten verses. I hold another 20 or so titles which I know exist but will need help from friends to complete. Should any of you have any contributions, I would gratefully include them in a second edition and would consider a free copy and acknowledgement for the contributor.

### Three Badge Bootneck

*Sung to the melody of "Ghost riders in the sky"*

A three badge bootneck went up to Smoke one dark  
and windy day,  
He stopped to rest in Hyde Park as he was on his way  
He saw a sight before his eyes, a band of forty whores,  
He looked again my friends and none were wearing  
drawers, wearing drawers, wearing drawers.

He went up to the first one, she said "It's half a crown"  
And in a flash old Royal had his nicks and trollies down  
He had her in the tall grass, he had her good and fine,  
He put the fear of Christ up the other thirty nine,  
thirty nine, thirty nine.

He went back Monday morning to join the merry throng,  
He had a piss and realised that there was something  
wrong,

He went up to the Doctor and said "What have I got  
here"?

He said "Cor blimey Royal, it looks like Gonorrhea"  
Gonorrhea, Gonorrhea.

They drafted him to Haslar although he was not willing,  
They gave him jabs to cure his scabs, they gave him  
penicillin,

And much to his relief he was released within a week,  
And now when he goes up to Smoke he only chases  
Beef, chases Beef, chases Beef.

### Teddy Bear's Picnic

If you go down to the woods today  
You're in for a big surprise  
If you go down to the woods today  
You'll never believe your eyes  
'Cos Mum and Dad are having a screw  
Uncle Frank is having a wank  
And Auntie D is having it off with granddad

Those angel bears have come on their bikes  
All dressed in their leather gear  
There's gallons of scrumps all green with lumps  
And horrible Watney's beer  
Now one of em' downed a pint of it quick  
And then was promptly horribly sick  
And filled up Paddington Bear's new wellies

### Kiss Me Goodnight, Sergeant Major

Kiss me goodnight, Sergeant Major  
Tuck me in my little wooden bed  
We all love you, Sergeant Major  
When we hear you calling - "Show a leg!"  
Don't forget to wake me in the morning  
And bring me a nice hot cup of tea.  
Kiss me goodnight, Sergeant Major  
Sergeant Major, be a mother to me.

## The Mayor of Bayswater

The Mayor of Bayswater, he had a lovely daughter  
And the hairs on her dicky dido hung down to her knee  
One black one, one white one and one with a bit of shite on,  
And the hairs on her dicky dido hung down to her knee

I've smelt it, I've felt it, it was just like a piece of velvet  
And the hairs etc.

I've seen it, I've seen it, I've been in between it  
And the hairs etc.

It would need a coalminer to find her vagina  
And the hairs etc.

She lives on a mountain and pisses like a bloody fountain  
And the hairs etc.

She lived in a lighthouse, which stank like a bloody  
shitehouse  
And the hairs etc.

She married an Italian with balls like a fucking stallion  
And the hairs etc.

She went to Glamorgan, her cunt like a barrelorgan  
And the hairs etc.

If she were my daughter, I'd make her cut 'em shorter  
And the hairs etc

She lived on malted milkshake, and fucked like  
a bloody rattlesnake  
And the hairs etc.

She slept with a demon who flooded her with semen  
And the hairs etc.

She stayed on a cattleranch  
and shit like a bloody avalanche  
And the hairs etc.

She pushed her wheelbarrow  
through the streets broad and narrow  
And the hairs etc.

And the hairs on her dicky dido  
The hairs on her dicky dido  
The hairs on her dicky dido  
Hung down to her knee

#### A Fireplace

*Sung to the melody of "My Blue Heaven"*

A fireplace, a fireplace, a fireplace, a fireplace  
We'll build a fireplace, a fireplace, a fireplace  
We'll build a fireplace, a fireplace, a fireplace  
A fireplace, a fireplace, a fireplace, a fireplace



## ERNIE

You could hear his knackers pound as he raced  
across the ground  
And the clatter of his prick as it swung around  
and round  
As he galloped into Market Street he had no pants  
or vest  
His name was Ernie and he had the biggest chopper  
in the West

Now Ernie fucked a widow, a lady known as Sue  
Who said "I'd like to try it", he said "I bet you do"  
They said she was too big for him she had it twice a week  
Till Ernie flashed his chopper and all her flesh went weak  
His name was Ernie and he had the biggest chopper in the  
West

Now Ernie had a rival, an evil fucking man  
Called one ball Ted from Teddington who drove the  
Durex van  
He tempted Sue with his featherlite, till he got his end  
away  
But all Ernie had to offer her was oats three times a day  
Poor Ernie and he had the biggest chopper in the West

One morning Ernie saw Ted's van outside the widow's  
door.  
It drove him mad to see it still standing there at four  
Poor Ernie he could not stand it, it made the bastard sick  
So he smashed Ted's rotten windows with a great big  
fucking brick

So Ted he ran outside, his eyes fixed on the brick  
They stood there face to face and Ted went for his  
prick  
But Ernie was too fast for him it wasn't the way Ted  
planned  
And a hairy sweaty bollock sent it spinning from his  
hand

Sue she ran between them and tried to keep them apart  
But Ernie said "Fuck off you silly looking tart"  
He twisted back to face Ted, ready to make his thrust  
But a size ten spunk ball made him fall  
And Ernie bit the dust

Ernie was only 22, he didn't want to die  
But now he shags his arris in that brothel in the sky  
Where there ain't any virgins he fucked them all by  
force  
And the syph in his left knacker pouch just goes from  
bad to worse

But a woman's needs are manyfold, so Sue she slept  
with Ted  
And a strange thing happened in the night as they lay  
in bed  
Is it the trees a rustling or maybe even more  
Like Ernie's ghostly chopper a banging at the door  
They won't forget Ernie he had the biggest chopper  
in the West

### Gib Rib Song

Oh please Daddy won't you take me to Gibraltar  
I want to see the Rock and the big baboons  
I want to go out there at night  
I want to see if what I've heard is right  
I want to see if Gib Air can fly around the Moon

Chorus:

Eros, Tivoli, Spit Roast and Pulverin  
Captain's Cabin, Lotti's Bar and Oliver Twist  
Horseshoe and Devil's Tower, Chimney Corner after  
hours  
Four in the morning we shall all be shitters.

Oh please Daddy won't you take me down to Main Street  
I want to spend a fortune in the flashy stores  
I want to buy a postcard of a pretty Geisha looking neat  
And if you tip her sideways she drops her drawers

Oh please Daddy won't you take me to the Eros  
I want to see the lady without any clothes  
I want to see Henry in his bra and panties  
I don't know what they call him but I think he's one of  
those

Oh please Daddy won't you take me to the Ape's Den  
I want to see the Rock Apes large and small  
They say that we shall leave the Rock  
When there's no Rock Apes left in stock  
I think I'll take a Bren Gun up and shoot them all

Oh please Daddy won't you take me back to England  
I've had about enough of this Rock you know  
I know I should be dutiful, but Henry's looking beautiful  
And that's a certain sign that it's time to go

### Rhode Island Red

Has anybody seen my cock,  
My big Rhode Island Red,  
He's mostly pink, with a little bit of blue,  
And he's purple on his head (Cor Blimey),  
He stands straight up in the morning,  
And he gives my wife a shock,  
Has anybody seen, anybody seen,  
Anybody, anybody seen my cock?

He's a right big-headed little upstart,  
The best you've ever seen  
He could have got gonorrhea  
Instead he got gangrene  
He should have worn a condom  
But the silly sod forgot  
Has anybody seen, has anybody seen,  
Has anybody seen my cock?

## The British Soldier

*Sung to the melody of "Kevin Barry"*

In the station in the city a British soldier stood  
Talking to the people there, as if the people would  
Some just stared in hatred and others stared with pain  
And the lonely British soldier wished that he was home  
again

Come join the British Army said the posters in his town  
Come see the world and have your fun  
Come serve before the Crown  
But jobs were hard to come by he could not face the dole  
So he took his country's shilling and enlisted on the role

There was no fear of fighting, the Empire was long lost  
Just ten years in the Army getting paid for being bossed  
Retire a man experienced, a man who made the grade  
A medal and a pension and for some there was a trade

Then came the call to Ireland as the call had come before  
Another bloody chapter in an endless civil war  
The priests they stood on both sides, the priests they  
stood behind  
Another fight in Jesus' name, the blind against the blind

The soldier stood between them, between the whistling  
stones  
And then the broken bottles that led to broken bones  
The petrol bombs that burned his hands, the nails that  
pierced his skin  
And he wished he'd stayed at home surrounded by his kin

The station filled with people, the soldier soon was bored  
But better in the station than where the people warred  
The station filled with mothers, with daughters and with  
sons

Who stared with itchy fingers at the soldier and his gun

A yell of fear, a screech of brakes, a shattering of glass  
And the window of the station broke, to let the package  
pass

A scream came from the mothers as they ran towards  
the door

Dragging children crying and screaming from the bomb  
upon the floor

The soldier stood, he could not move, his gun he could not  
use

For he knew that there were seconds and not minutes on  
the fuse

He could not run to pick it up or throw it in the street  
There were far too many people, too many running feet

"Take cover" yelled the soldier "Take cover for your  
lives"

The Irishmen threw down their young and stood before  
their wives

They turned towards the soldier, their eyes alive with  
fear

For God's sake save our children or they'll end their  
short lives here

The soldier moved towards the bomb, his stomach like a  
stone

Why was this his battle God, why was he alone

He lay down on the package and he murmured one  
farewell

To those at home in England, to those he loved so well

He saw the sights of summer, felt the wind upon his  
brow

The young girls in the city parks, how precious were  
they now

The soaring of the swallow, the beauty of the swan  
The moving of eternal earth, so soon it would be gone

A muffled soft explosion, and the room began to quake  
The soldier blown across the room, his blood a crimson  
lake

They never heard him cry or shout, they never heard  
him moan

And they turned their children's faces from the blood and  
from the bone

The crowds outside soon gathered, as the ambulances  
came

To carry off the body of a pawn, lost to the game  
The crowd clapped and jeered and sang their rebel songs  
One soldier less to interfere, where he did not belong

But will the children growing up learn at their mother's  
knee

The story of the soldier who bought their liberty  
Who used his youthful body as a means toward the end  
Who gave his life to those who called him murderer,  
not friend



## Happy Wank Song

*(Sung to the melody of "Happy Talk"  
from South Pacific)*

Happy, happy, happy, happy wank  
Nice girls wear their pubes in a fringe  
If you don't have a crow  
You got to have a crow  
How you gonna make wet dreams come true

## As I Was Walking

As I was walking through a wood  
I shit myself I knew I would  
I cried for help but no help came,  
And so I shit myself again.

As I was walking through Saint Pauls  
The vicar grabbed me by the balls  
I cried for help but no help came  
And so he grabbed my balls again

As I lay sleeping in the grass  
Some bastard rammed it up my ass  
I cried for help but no help came  
And so he rammed it up again

There were two crows up in a tree,  
As black as black as crows could be,  
Said one black crow unto the other,  
"You are a black enamel fucker"

Who's that knocking at my door

Who's that knocking at my door, who's that knocking  
at my door who's that knocking at my door,  
said the fair young maiden

It's only me from over the sea, said Barnacle Bill  
the sailor, it's only me from over the sea,  
said Barnacle Bill the sailor

I'll come down and let you in, I'll come down and let you in,  
I'll come down and let you in, said the fair young maiden

Open the door you fucking old whore, said Barnacle Bill  
the sailor  
Open the door you fucking old whore, said Barnacle Bill  
the sailor

You can sleep upon the floor You can sleep upon the floor  
You can sleep upon the floor, said the fair young maiden

Bugger the floor it ain't no whore, said Barnacle Bill the  
sailor  
Bugger the floor it ain't no whore, said Barnacle Bill the  
sailor

You can sleep upon the mat You can sleep upon the mat  
You can sleep upon the mat, said the fair young maiden

Bugger the mat I can't fuck that, said Barnacle Bill  
the sailor, bugger the mat I can't fuck that,  
said Barnacle Bill the sailor

You can sleep upon the stairs You can sleep upon the stairs  
You can sleep upon the stairs, said the fair young maiden

Bugger the stairs it's got no hairs, said Barnacle Bill the sailor

Bugger the stairs it's got no hairs, said Barnacle Bill the sailor

You can sleep between my tits You can sleep between my tits, you can sleep between my tits, said the fair young maiden

Bugger your tits they give me the shifts

said Barnacle Bill the sailor

Bugger your tits they give me the shifts

said Barnacle Bill the sailor

You can sleep between my thighs, you can sleep between my thighs, you can sleep between my thighs, said the fair young maiden

Open your thighs they're just my size said Barnacle Bill the sailor, open your thighs they're just my size, said Barnacle Bill the sailor

You can sleep within my cunt, you can sleep within my cunt You can sleep within my cunt, said the fair young maiden

Oh, bugger your cunt but I'll fuck for a stunt said Barnacle Bill the sailor

Oh, bugger your cunt but I'll fuck for a stunt said Barnacle Bill the sailor

What if I should have a child What if I should have a child What if I should have a child, said the fair young maiden

Drown the bugger we'll fuck for another said Barnacle Bill the sailor

Drown the bugger we'll fuck for another said Barnacle Bill the sailor

### Brother St. John

We are two Irish Maltese, we come from the island of Gozo  
The first time we met, it was down in Vallett  
We are two Irish Maltese

Chorus:

We're the twins, ting a ling a ling  
We're the twins, ting a ling a ling  
We're the Brothers St John and you know where we're from  
When we're out, shave off  
There's no doubt, shave off  
We're so much alike in our figure and height  
As we stroll along the prom, prom, prom  
The brass band plays tiddly om-pom, pom  
They say as we pass, there go two feeds of ass  
Me and my Brother St John

In the summertime you know, to the seaside we go  
Where the air is so fresh and bracing  
We sing and we shout, when there's no one about  
Me and my Brother St John

Chorus:

In with it, out with it  
Don't fuck about with it  
Glorious gift of the Gods  
Women they pray for it  
Brown hatters pay for it  
Knob glorious knob

## Wild Rover

I've been a wild rover for many a year  
And I've spent all my money on whiskey and beer  
And now I'm returning, with gold in great store  
And I never will play the wild rover no more

Chorus>

And it's no nay never, no nay never no more,  
Will I play the wild rover, no never no more

So off to the ale house I used to frequent  
And I told the landlady my money was spent  
I asked her for credit, she answered me "Nay,  
Sure it's custom like yours I can find any day"

Then out from my pocket I pulled sovereigns bright  
And the landlady's eyes opened wide with delight  
She said " I have whiskey and wine of the best,  
And the words that I've spoken were only in jest"

So I'm off to my parents to confess what I've done  
And I hope that they'll pardon their prodigal son  
And if they forgive me as oftentimes before  
Then I never will play the wild rover no more

## Dinah

Chorus >

Dinah, dinah, show us your leg, show us your leg,  
show us your leg,  
Dinah, dinah, show us your leg a yard above your knee

A rich girl uses vaseline, a poor girl uses lard, but  
Dinah uses axle grease because her cunt's so hard.

A rich girl rides a limousine, a poor girl rides a truck,  
but the only time that Dinah rides is when she has a fuck.

A rich girl wears a ring of gold, a poor girl one of brass,  
but the only ring that Dinah wears is the one around  
her arse.

A rich girl wears a brassiere, a poor girl uses string  
But Dinah don't wear nothing at all, she lets the  
bastards swing.

A rich girl uses a sanitary towel, a poor girl uses a sheet  
But Dinah uses nothing at all,  
leaves a trail along the street

I wish I were the diamond ring on Dinah's dainty hand  
Then every time she wiped her ass  
I'd see the promised land

A rich girl drinks a cocktail or two  
A poor girl drinks ale brown  
But the only time that Dinah drinks  
Is when she drinks down, down

## The Doggies' Meeting

The doggies held a meeting  
They came from near and far  
Some came by motor-cycle  
And some by motorcar

Each doggie passed the entrance  
Each doggie signed the book  
Each doggie hung his asshole  
Upon his very own hook

One dog was not invited  
Imagine his great ire  
He ran into the meeting room  
And promptly shouted "FIRE"

It threw them in confusion  
Without a second look  
Each doggie grabbed an asshole  
From off another's hook

And that's the reason why sir  
On land or sea or foam  
And that's the reason why sir  
Wherever doggies roam

And that's the reason why sir  
A dog will leave his bone  
And sniff another's asshole  
To see if it's his own



### The Jossman's Draft Chit

I was walking through the Dockyard in a panic  
When I spied this matelot old and grey  
He was carrying his kitbag and his hammock  
And this is what I heard him say

Oh I wonder yes I wonder,  
Has the Jossman made a blunder,  
When he made this draft-chit out for me  
Oh I've been a barrack stanchion,  
And I've lived in Jago's mansion  
It's a shame to send me off to sea

I like my "Pride of Keyham"  
And I like my week-end leave  
And I always bring the Western to the Chief  
(GOOD MORNING CHIEF! You snivelling bastard!)  
Oh I wonder, yes I wonder  
Has the Jossman made a blunder  
When he made this draft-chit out for me

Shall I wander out the sunny Straits in glory  
On a trooper that is chock-a-block?  
If I speak to shipmates who have gone before me  
They are sure to double up with shock

Oh I wonder yes I wonder  
Has the Jossman made a blunder  
When he made this draft chit out for me  
For though we've lots of funnels  
We're never rolling gunnels  
And I'm always home in time for tea  
I've gazed upon the ocean while walking on the Hoe  
Though I own that was so very long ago  
(SO LONG AGO)  
But it ain't no use to holler  
I'll have to raise a dollar  
And wangle back to RNB  
Oh I love my tiddy oggy  
And I love my figgy duff  
And I always say good morning to the chief  
(GOOD MORNING CHIEF! You snivelling bastard!)  
Oh I wonder yes I wonder  
Has the Jossman made a blunder  
When he made this draft chit out for me

#### A Frenchman Went to the Lavatory

A Frenchman went to the lavatory  
To enjoy a jolly good shit  
He took his coat and trousers off  
So that he could revel in it  
But when he reached for the paper  
He found that someone had been there before  
Ou est le papier, ou est le papier  
Monsieur, monsieur, je fait manure  
Ou est le papier

### A Life on the Ocean Wave

A life on the ocean wave  
A home on the rolling deep  
Where the scattered waters rave  
And the winds their revels keep  
Like an eagle caged I'd pine  
On this dull unchanging shore  
For the salt wind tastes like wine  
And I'll breathe it evermore  
Once more on the deck I stand  
Of my own swift gliding craft  
Set sail farewell to land  
The gale follows far abaft  
We shoot through the sparkling foam  
Like an ocean bird set free  
Like an ocean bird our home  
We'll find far out on the sea

### Colonel Bogey

*Sung to the melody of "Colonel Bogey"*

Hitler had only got one ball  
Goerring had two but very small  
Himmler had something similar  
But poor old Goeballs had no balls at all

Hitler had only got one ball  
The other is in the county hall  
His mother, the dirty bugger  
Cut it off, when he was so small

### Salome

Salome, Salome, you should see Salome  
Standing there with her arse so bare  
Every little wiggle makes the boys all stare  
She can run, jump, fuck, fight, even ride a motorbike  
That's my girl Salome

On Monday night she takes it up the front  
On Tuesday night she takes it up the back  
Wednesday night is benefit night  
Thursday night she shags all night  
On Friday night she gobbles it right  
On Saturday night she goes all night  
On Sunday night she's sober  
Jesus wants me for a sunbeam  
And a fucking good sunbeam am I

### The Red Flag

T'was on Gibraltar's Rock so bare  
I saw a maiden lying there  
And as she lay in sweet repose  
A breathe of wind blew up her clothes  
A sailor old was passing by  
He dipped his hat and blinked his eye  
And then he saw to his despair  
She had the red flag flying there

The working class can kiss my arse  
I've got the foreman's job at last  
I'm out of work and on the dole  
You can stuff your red flag up your hole

### These Foolish Things

The day you chewed me in the foc's'le locker  
I couldn't come and you were fucking chocker  
Oh how my piss it stings,  
These foolish things, remind me of you

A sweaty sock beside an old French Letter  
A dose of syphilis that won't get better  
Oh how my arsehole stings  
These foolish things, remind me of you

Smally boys, late night finals  
A big brown hatter in the gents urinals  
These foolish things, these foolish things  
They all remind me of you  
Awoo, awoo, awoo, awoo

The day I had you in a London taxi  
I swear you smelt just like a horses jacksy  
And now my dick it stings  
These foolish things remind me of you

A running sore beside an open hole  
A Tampax floating in my toilet bowl  
A pubic hair on my breakfast roll  
These foolish things remind me of you

The dirty panties in the cracked washbasin  
The broken pisspot that I washed my face in  
The bed with creaking springs  
These foolish things remind me of you

## My sombrero

My sister Belinda, she pissed out the window  
All over my favourite sombrero  
I said "You fat twat, you've pissed on my hat"  
She said "I don't fucking well care O"

Ay, ay, ay, ay me and my soggy sombrero  
I said "You fat twat you just pissed on my hat"  
She said "I don't fucking well care O"

My sister Margarita, she come all excreta  
And shit in my bessy sombrero  
I said "You fat twat, you've shit in my hat"  
She said "I don't give a fuckero"

Ay, ay, ay, ay me and my shitty sombrero  
I said " You fat twat you shat in my hat"  
She said "I don't give a fuckero"

My girlfriend, Maria, she's got gonorrhea,  
She gave it to me, Amigo  
I said, "You fat twat, you gave me the clap"  
She said, "I don't fucking well care O"

Ay, ay, ay, ay me and my blobby dickero  
I said, "You fat twat, you gave me the clap"  
She said, "I don't fucking well care O"

## Good Ship Venus

It was on the good ship Venus,  
By Christ you should have seen us  
The bigger head was a whore in bed  
And the cox'n was a rampant porpoise

Frigin' in the rigging, tossin' on the crossing < Chorus  
Wankin' on the planking, there was fuck all else to do

The captain of this lugger, he was a filthy bugger  
Declared 'em fit to shovel shit, from one ship to another

The cabin boy called Ripper  
Was a foul mouthed little nipper  
Who stuffed his arse with broken glass,  
To circumcise the skipper

His wife was baptised Charlotte,  
Who was born and bred a harlot  
At night her cunt was lily white  
In the morning it was scarlet

His other little daughter, she got shoved into the water  
Her plaintive squeals, announced that seals  
Had found her sexual quarter

The first mate's name was Paul  
He only had one ball  
But with that cracker he rolled terbaccar  
Around the cabin wall

The second mate's name was Andy  
His balls were long and bandy  
They filled his knob with molten brass  
For pissing in the brandy

The third mate's name was Morgan  
He was a grisly Gorgon  
Three times a day he strummed away  
Upon his sexual organ

A cook whose name was Freeman  
He was a dirty demon  
He fed the crew on menstrual stew  
And hymens fried in semen

Another cook was O'Malley  
He didn't dilly dally  
He shot his bolt with such a jolt  
He whitewashed half the galley

The Boatswain's name was Lester  
He was a hymen tester  
Through hymens thick he shoved his prick  
And left it there to fester

The engineer was McTavish  
And young girls he did ravish  
His missing cock's at Istanbul  
He was a trifle lavish

A homo was the purser  
He couldn't have been worser  
With all the crew he had a screw  
Until they yelled "Oh no Sir"

Another one was Cropper  
Oh Christ he had a whopper  
Twice round the deck, once round his neck  
And up his bum for a stopper



The ship's dog name was Rover  
The whole crew did him over  
They ground and ground the faithful hound  
From Singapore to Dover

'Twas in the Adriatic  
Where the water's almost static  
The rise and fall of arse and prick  
Was almost automatic

The end of this narration  
Came in jubilation  
For they sunk the junk in a sea of spunk  
Caused by masturbation

So now we end this serial  
Through sheer lack of material  
I wish you luck and freedom from  
Diseases venereal

### Chinese Maiden's Lament

Me no likee English sailor  
When Yankee sailor come ashore  
English sailor plenty money  
Yankee sailor plenty more  
Yankee sailor call me ducky darling  
English sailor call me Chinese whore  
Yankee sailor only shag for short time  
English sailor fuck for evermore

## Sambo

Sambo was a lazy coon  
Who used to sleep in the afternoon  
So tired was he, so tired was he

Off to the forest he would go  
Swinging his bollocks to and fro  
When along came a bee  
A bloody great bumble bee  
Bzz, bzz, bzz, bzz busy bee busy bee  
Bzz, bzz, bzz, bzz busy bee busy bee

Get away you bumble bee  
I ain't no rose  
I ain't no syphilitic bastard  
Get off my fucking nose  
Get off my nasal organ  
Don't you come near  
If you wants a bit o' fanny  
You can fuck my granny  
But you'll get no arsehole here

Arsehole rules the Navy  
Arsehole rules the Navy  
Arsehole rules the Navy  
If you wants a bit o' bum  
You can fuck my chum  
But you 'll get no arsehole here

## The Sexual Life of the Camel

*Sung to the melody of "Eton Boating Song"*

The sexual life of the camel  
Is stranger than anyone thinks  
At the height of the mating season  
He tries to bugger the Sphinx  
But the Sphinx's posterior sphincter  
Is all clogged by the sands of the Nile  
Which accounts for the hump on the camel  
And the Sphinx's inscrutable smile

In the process of syphilization  
From the anthropoid ape down to man  
It is generally held that the Navy  
Has buggered whatever it can  
Yet recent extensive researches  
By Darwin and Huxley and Hall  
Conclusively prove that the hedgehog  
Has never been buggered at all

I've crapped in the valleys of Assam  
I've pissed in the plains of Cawnpore, Cawnpore  
I've often passed wind in the desert of Sind  
And I've slept with a Calcutta whore  
I've belched near the Tropic of Cancer  
Stink finger I've played in Madrid, Madrid  
Put a girl in Bombay in the family way  
And refused to acknowledge the kid

We therefore believe our conclusion  
Is incontrovertibly shown  
That comparative safety on shipboard  
Is enjoyed by the hedgehog alone  
But why haven't they done it at Spithead  
As they've done it at Harvard and Yale  
And also at Oxford and Cambridge  
By shaving the spines off its tail

I've seduced little virgins in China  
I've taught self-abuse in Japan, Japan  
And when hard up for oats upon City Line boats  
I've had to resort to a man  
I've bathed in the nude at Llandudno  
I've fondled my foreskin out West, out West  
And I've played soixante-neuf on Parisian turf  
And I've belly rubbed tarts in Trieste

I've tickled the tits of a Nautch girl  
I've French-kissed young women from Wales,  
from Wales  
And I've played with my balls at Niagara Falls  
And I've been gamerouched in Marseilles  
I've split several cunts in Karachi  
I've smacked bitches bums on the pier, the pier  
But what now fans the fire of my ardent desire  
Is to bugger a goat in Kashmire

My name is Fauntleroy Cecil, I come from Leicester Square  
I wear open-toed sandals and a rosebud in my hair,  
For we're all queers together,  
Excuse us while we go upstairs,  
For we're all queers together,  
That's why we go out in pairs.

My name is Burlington Basil, my friend's name is Bond,  
When we go out together, they call us Basildon Bond,  
For we're all queers together,  
Excuse us while we go upstairs,  
For we're all queers together,  
That's why we go out in pairs.

It was Christmas Eve in the harem,  
The eunuchs all standing there,  
A hundred dusky maidens, combing their pubic hair,  
When along came Father Christmas,  
Striding down the marble halls,  
When he asked what they wanted for Christmas,  
The eunuchs all answered "Balls!"

### Give Us a Chance

*Sung to the Melody of "Give Peace a Chance"*

Everybody's talking 'bout  
Make and mends  
Long weekends  
Getting crappers  
Trapping snappers  
All we are saying is give us a chance

## Aladdin's Lamp

There once was a lad called Aladdin  
Who had a magic lamp,  
He bought it from a matelot  
Who was fathoms up a tramp  
He bought it off a matelot  
To see what he could get  
And he rubbed and he rubbed  
And he rubbed and he rubbed  
And he ain't got fuck all yet

Fa, la, la, la, fiddle, de, dee,  
Sixteen annas, one rupee,  
Two black crows up a sycamore tree  
Go bugger janner.

You make fast, kiss my arse,  
Make fast the dinghy,  
You make fast, kiss my arse,  
Make fast the dinghy,  
And we'll all go back to oggieland,  
To oggieland, to oggieland,  
And we'll all go back to oggieland  
Where they can't tell sugar from  
Tissue paper, tissue paper, marmalade and jam.

Oggie, oggie, oggie, oi, oi, oi  
Oggie, oi,  
Oggie, oi,  
Oggie, oggie, oggie, oi, oi, oi.

## Roedean School

We are from Roedean, good girls are we  
We take pride in our virginity  
We take all precautions against all abortions  
Cos' we are from Roedean school

Chorus > Up school, up school, up school, up school  
Right up the school, shite  
La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, hoi.  
La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, hoi.

Our house mistress you cannot beat  
She lets us go walking in the street  
We sell our titties for threepenny bitties  
Right outside Roedean school

Our head prefect, her name is Jane  
She only likes it now and again  
And again and again and again and again  
Cos' we are from Roedean school

Our sportsmistress she is the best  
She helps us to develop our chest  
By swearing tight sweaters  
And using French letters  
Cos' we are from Roedean school

When we go down to the beach for a swim  
They all remark on the size of our quim  
We bet you a dollar  
It's bigger than a horse's collar  
Cos' we are from Roedean school

Our school porter he is a fool  
He's only got a teeny weeny tool  
It's all right for key holes  
And little girlies weeholes  
But no good for Roedean school

Our school janitor he is no fool  
He has got a ginormous tool  
It's all right for tunnels  
And Queen Mary's funnels  
And all right for Roedean school

Our school doctor she is a beaut  
Teaches us to swerve when our boy friends shoot  
It saves many marriages and forced miscarriages  
For we are from Roedean school

We have a new girl her name is Flo  
Nobody thought that she could have a go  
But she surprised the vicar by raising him quicker  
Than all girls at Roedean school

We are from Roedean, lesbos are we  
Caused by living in an all-girls dormit'ry  
It's lights out at seven, candles out at eleven  
For we are from Roedean school

When we go out to the Vicar's for tea  
He likes us to bounce up and down on his knee  
We feed him brandy, which makes him feel randy  
For we are from Roedean school



## A Bootneck Who Was Far Away

In her hat she wears a yellow ribbon  
She wears it in the Springtime in the merry month of May  
And if you ask her why the fuck she wears it  
She wears it for a Bootneck who was far, far away  
Far away, not far enough < Chorus  
Far away, not far enough  
She wears it for a Bootneck who was far, far away

Along the street, she wheels a perambulator  
She wheels it in the Springtime in the merry month  
of May  
And if you ask her why the fuck she wheels it  
She wheels it for a Bootneck who was far, far away

Behind the door, her father keeps a shotgun  
He keeps it in the Springtime in the merry month of May  
And if you ask him why the fuck he keeps it  
He keeps it for a Bootneck who was far, far away

The Bootneck went, he went to join his unit  
He joined it in the Springtime in the merry month of May  
And if you ask him why the fuck he joined it  
He joined it to be very, very, far, far away

In her hand she holds a bunch of daisies  
She holds them in the Springtime in the merry month  
of May  
And if you ask her why the fuck she holds them  
She holds them for a Bootneck who was ten fathoms down

Fathoms down, not deep enough  
Fathoms down, not deep enough  
She holds them for a Bootneck who was ten fathoms down

## Her Majesty's Royal Marines

From the halls of Montezuma, to the shores of Tripoli  
There's a buzz going round the harbour that the Yanks  
are going to sea

We're the finest in the Universe,  
We're the best you've ever seen,  
And we all go under the name of  
Her Majesty's Royal Marines

In the depths of deepest Africa, where the light is  
never seen

Lies the body of a fucking great gorilla  
Fucked to death by a Royal Marine  
We're the finest in the Universe,  
We're the best you've ever seen,  
And we all go under the name of  
Her Majesty's Royal Marines

In the snows of cold Antarctica, where the Sun is  
never seen

Lies the body of a fucking great polar bear  
Fucked to death by a Royal Marine  
We're the finest in the Universe,  
We're the best you've ever seen,  
And we all go under the name of  
Her Majesty's Royal Marines

And if the Army and the Navy,  
ever look on Heaven's scenes,  
They will find all the bars are full up,  
With Her Majesty's Royal Marines  
With a gallon of Coca-Cola  
And a bloody great tub of ice-cream  
Oh they're damn fine kids in harbour  
But oh my Christ at sea!

### On the Bridge at Midnight

She stood on the bridge at midnight  
Throwing snowballs at the moon  
She said "Royal I've never had it"  
But she spoke too fucking soon

Chorus>

It's the same the whole world over  
It's the poor what gets the blame  
It's the rich what gets the pleasure  
Ain't it all a fucking shame

Same old bridge, same old midnight  
Picking blackheads from her crutch  
She said "Royal I've never had it"  
He said "No not fucking much"

Chorus:

She was poor but she was honest  
Victim of a rich man's whim  
First he fucked her, then he left her  
And she had a child by him

Chorus:

## Naval Uniform

Oh she's got a lovely naval uniform,  
Oh she's got a lovely naval uniform,  
Oh she's got a lovely navel,  
Such a lovely navel,  
She's got a lovely naval uniform.

Singing I will if you will, so will I      < Chorus  
Singing I will if you will, so will I  
Singing I will if you will, I will if you will  
I will if you will, so will I

Oh she's got a lovely bottom set of teeth,  
Oh she's got a lovely bottom set of teeth,  
Oh she's got a lovely bottom,  
Such a lovely bottom,  
She's got a lovely bottom set of teeth.

Chorus:

Oh she's got a lovely country cottage,  
Oh she's got a lovely country cottage,  
Oh she's got a lovely cunt,  
Such a lovely cunt,  
She's got a lovely country cottage.

Chorus:

## Old Macdonald's Farm

*Sung to the Melody of "Old Macdonald Had a Farm"*

Old Macdonald had a farm, ee-ay, ee-ay, oh,  
And on this farm he had some chicks ee-ay, ee-ay, oh,  
And the chicks were chicking it here,  
The chicks were chicking it there, chicking it here,  
Chickening it there, chickening it everywhere,  
Oh old Macdonald had a farm ee-ay, ee-ay, oh.

And on this farm he had some rams, ee-ay, ee-ay, oh,  
And the rams were ramming it here,  
The rams were ramming it there, ramming it here,  
Ramming it there, ramming it everywhere,  
And the chicks were chicking it here,  
The chicks were chicking it there, chicking it here,  
Chickening it there, chickening it everywhere,  
Oh old Macdonald had a farm ee-ay, ee-ay, oh.

And on this farm he had some turkeys ee-ay, ee-ay, oh,  
And the turkeys were gobbling it here,  
The turkeys were gobbling it there, gobbling it here,  
Gobbling it there, gobbling it everywhere  
And the rams were ramming it here,  
The rams were ramming it there, ramming it here,  
Ramming it there, ramming it everywhere,  
And the chicks were chicking it here,  
The chicks were chicking it there, chicking it here,  
Chickening it there, chickening it everywhere,  
Oh old Macdonald had a farm ee-ay, ee-ay, oh.

And on this farm he had some bulls ee-ay, ee-ay , oh,  
And the bulls were bulling it here,  
The bulls were bulling it there, bulling it here,  
Bulling it there, bulling it everywhere,  
And the turkeys were gobbling it here,  
The turkeys were gobbling it there, gobbling it here,  
Gobbling it there, gobbling it everywhere  
And the rams were ramming it here,  
The rams were ramming it there, ramming it here,  
Ramming it there, ramming it everywhere,  
And the chicks were chicking it here,  
The chicks were chicking it there, chicking it here,  
Chicking it there, chicking it everywhere,  
Oh old Macdonald had a farm ee-ay, ee-ay, oh.

And on this farm he had some cows ee-ay, ee-ay , oh,  
And the cows were cowing it here,  
The cows were cowing it there, cowing it here,  
Cowing it there, cowing it everywhere,  
And the bulls were bulling it here,  
The bulls were bulling it there, bulling it here,  
Bulling it there, bulling it everywhere,  
And the turkeys were gobbling it here,  
The turkeys were gobbling it there, gobbling it here,  
Gobbling it there, gobbling it everywhere  
And the rams were ramming it here,  
The rams were ramming it there, ramming it here,  
Ramming it there, ramming it everywhere,  
And the chicks were chicking it here,  
The chicks were chicking it there, chicking it here,  
Chicking it there, chicking it everywhere,  
Oh old Macdonald had a farm ee-ay, ee-ay, oh.

And on this farm he had some geese, ee-ay, ee-ay, oh,  
And the geese were goosing it here,  
The geese were goosing it there, goosing it here,  
Goosing it there, goosing it everywhere  
And the bulls were bulling it here,  
The bulls were bulling it there, bulling it here,  
Bulling it there, bulling it everywhere,  
And the turkeys were gobbling it here,  
The turkeys were gobbling it there, gobbling it here,  
Gobbling it there, gobbling it everywhere  
And the rams were ramming it here,  
The rams were ramming it there, ramming it here,  
Ramming it there, ramming it everywhere,  
And the chicks were chicking it here,  
The chicks were chicking it there, chicking it here,  
Chicking it there, chicking it everywhere,  
Oh old Macdonald had a farm ee-ay, ee-ay, oh.

And on this farm he had some sheep, ee-ay, ee-ay, oh,  
And the sheep were shagging it here,  
The sheep were shagging it there, shagging it here,  
Shagging it there, shagging it everywhere,  
And the geese were goosing it here,  
The geese were goosing it there, goosing it here,  
Goosing it there, goosing it everywhere  
And the bulls were bulling it here,  
The bulls were bulling it there, bulling it here,  
Bulling it there, bulling it everywhere,  
And the turkeys were gobbling it here,  
The turkeys were gobbling it there, gobbling it here,  
Gobbling it there, gobbling it everywhere  
And the rams were ramming it here,  
The rams were ramming it there, ramming it here,  
Ramming it there, ramming it everywhere,  
And the chicks were chicking it here,  
The chicks were chicking it there, chicking it here,  
Chicking it there, chicking it everywhere,  
Oh old Macdonald had a farm ee-ay, ee-ay, oh.

## Cats on the Rooftop

When you wake up in the morning with the devil of a stand  
From the pressure of the liquid on the seminary gland  
If you haven't got a woman use your own horny hand  
As you revel in the joys of masturbation

Chorus>

Singing: Cats on the rooftop, cats on the tiles  
Cats with the clap and cats with piles  
Cats with their arseholes all covered in smiles  
As they revel in the joys of fornication

The Regimental Sergeant Major leads a miserable life  
He can't afford a mistress and he doesn't have a wife  
So he puts it up the bottom of the Regimental Fife  
As he revels in the joys of fornication

When you find yourself in springtime  
with a surge of sexual joy  
And your wife has got the rags on  
and your daughter's rather coy  
Then jam it up the jacksie of your favourite choirboy  
As you revel in a smooth ejaculation

Long-legged curates grind like goats  
Pale faced spinsters shag like stoats  
And the whole damn world stands by and gloats  
As they revel in the joys of fornication

The ostrich in the desert is a solitary chick  
Without the opportunity to dip its wick  
But whenever it does it slips in thick  
As he revels in the joys of fornication



The ape is small and rather slow  
Erect he stands a foot or so  
So when he comes it's time to go  
As he revels in the joys of fornication

The flea disports among the trees  
And there consorts with whom he please  
To fill the land with bastard fleas  
As he revels in the joys of fornication

The elephant's ball is big and round  
A small one scales a thousand pound  
Two together rock the ground  
As they revel in the joys of fornication

The camel likes to have his fun  
His night is made when he is done  
He always gets two humps for one  
As he revels in the joys of fornication

The donkey is a lonely bloke  
He hardly ever gets a poke  
But when he does he lets it soak  
As he revels in the joys of fornication

The orang-utan is a colourful sight  
There's a glow on its arse like a pilot light  
As it jumps and it leaps in the night  
As he revels in the joys of fornication

The hippopotamus, so it seems  
Very, very rarely has wet dreams  
But when he does he comes in streams  
As he revels in the joys of fornication

The oyster is a paragon of purity  
And you can't tell the he from the she  
But he can tell and so can she  
As they revel in the joys of fornication

The Australian lady emu when she wants to find a mate  
Wanders round the desert with a feather up her date  
You should see that feather,  
When she meets her destined fate  
As she revels in the joys of fornication

The poor domestic doggie on the chain all day  
Never gets a chance to let himself go gay  
So he licks at his dick in a frantic way  
As he revels in the joys of fornication

The labours of the poofter find but little favour here  
But the morally leprous bastard has a peaceful sleep I fear  
As he dreams he rips a red in some urchins rear  
As he revels in the joys of fornication

The dainty little skylark sings a very pretty song  
He has a ponderous penis fully forty cubits long  
You should hear his high crescendo  
When his mate is on the prong  
As he revels in the joys of fornication

The whale is a mammal as everybody knows  
He takes 2 days to have a shag but when he's in the throes  
He doesn't stop to take it out he piddles through his nose  
As he revels in the joys of fornication

A thousand verses all in rhyme  
To sit and sing them seems a crime  
When we could better spend our time  
Revelling in the joys of fornication

## Alouette

Alouette, gentile alouette,  
Alouette, gentile alouette,  
How I love her straggly hair,  
How I love her straggly hair,  
Straggly hair, straggly hair, ohhhhhh,  
Alouette, alouette,  
Alouette, gentile alouette,  
Alouette, gentile alouette.

How I love her two crossed eyes,  
How I love her two crossed eyes,  
Two crossed eyes, two crossed eyes,  
Straggly hair, straggly hair, ohhhhhh,  
Alouette, alouette,  
Alouette, gentile alouette,  
Alouette, gentile alouette.

How I love her broken nose,  
How I love her broken nose,  
Broken nose, broken nose,  
Two crossed eyes, two crossed eyes,  
Straggly hair, straggly hair, ohhhhhh,  
Alouette, alouette,  
Alouette, gentile alouette,  
Alouette, gentile alouette.

How I love her two buck teeth,  
How I love her two buck teeth,  
Two buck teeth, two buck teeth,  
Broken nose, broken nose,  
Two crossed eyes, two crossed eyes,  
Straggly hair, straggly hair, ohhhhhh,  
Alouette, alouette,  
Alouette, gentile alouette,  
Alouette, gentile alouette.

How I love her squeegee lips  
How I love her squeegee lips  
Squeegee lips, squeegee lips  
Two buck teeth, two buck teeth,  
Broken nose, broken nose,  
Two crossed eyes, two crossed eyes,  
Straggly hair, straggly hair, ohhhhhh,  
Alouette, alouette,  
Alouette, gentile alouette,  
Alouette, gentile alouette.

How I love her double chin,  
How I love her double chin,  
Double chin. double chin,  
Squeegee lips, squeegee lips,  
Two buck teeth, two buck teeth,  
Broken nose, broken nose,  
Two crossed eyes, two crossed eyes,  
Straggly hair, straggly hair, ohhhhhh,  
Alouette, alouette,  
Alouette, gentile alouette,  
Alouette, gentile alouette.

How I love her scrawny neck,  
How I love her scrawny neck,  
Scrawny neck, scrawny neck,  
Double chin. double chin,  
Squeegee lips, squeegee lips,  
Two buck teeth, two buck teeth,  
Broken nose, broken nose,  
Two crossed eyes, two crossed eyes,  
Straggly hair, straggly hair, ohhhhhh,  
Alouette, alouette,  
Alouette, gentile alouette,  
Alouette, gentile alouette.

How I love her floppy tits,  
How I love her floppy tits,  
Floppy tits, floppy tits,  
Scrawny neck, scrawny neck,  
Double chin. double chin,  
Squeegee lips, squeegee lips,  
Two buck teeth, two buck teeth,  
Broken nose, broken nose,  
Two crossed eyes, two crossed eyes,  
Straggly hair, straggly hair, ohhhhhh,  
Alouette, alouette,  
Alouette, gentile alouette,  
Alouette, gentile alouette.

How I love her wobbly bum,  
How I love her wobbly bum,  
Wobbly bum, wobbly bum,  
Floppy tits, floppy tits,  
Scrawny neck, scrawny neck,  
Double chin. double chin,  
Squeegee lips, squeegee lips,  
Two buck teeth, two buck teeth,  
Broken nose, broken nose,  
Two crossed eyes, two crossed eyes,  
Straggly hair, straggly hair, ohhhhhh,  
Alouette, alouette,  
Alouette, gentile alouette,  
Alouette, gentile alouette.

How I love her thunder thighs  
How I love her thunder thighs  
Wobbly bum, wobbly bum,  
Floppy tits, floppy tits,  
Scrawny neck, scrawny neck,  
Double chin. double chin,  
Squeegee lips, squeegee lips,  
Two buck teeth, two buck teeth,  
Broken nose, broken nose,  
Two crossed eyes, two crossed eyes,  
Straggly hair, straggly hair, ohhhhhh,  
Alouette, alouette,  
Alouette, gentile alouette,  
Alouette, gentile alouette.

How I love her knobbly knees,  
How I love her knobbly knees,  
Knobbly knees, knobbly knees,  
Thunder thighs, thunder thighs,  
Wobbly bum, wobbly bum,  
Floppy tits, floppy tits,  
Scrawny neck, scrawny neck,  
Double chin. double chin,  
Squeegee lips, squeegee lips,  
Two buck teeth, two buck teeth,  
Broken nose, broken nose,  
Two crossed eyes, two crossed eyes,  
Straggly hair, straggly hair, ohhhhhh,  
Alouette, alouette,  
Alouette, gentile alouette,  
Alouette, gentile alouette.

How I love her hammer toes,  
How I love her hammer toes,  
Hammer toes, hammer toes,  
Knobbly knees, knobbly knees,  
Thunder thighs, thunder thighs,  
Wobbly bum, wobbly bum,  
Floppy tits, floppy tits,  
Scrawny neck, scrawny neck,  
Double chin. double chin,  
Squeegee lips, squeegee lips,  
Two front teeth, two front teeth,  
Broken nose, broken nose,  
Two crossed eyes, two crossed eyes,  
Straggly hair, straggly hair, ohhhhhhhh,  
Alouette, alouette,  
Alouette, gentile alouette,  
Alouette, gentile alouette.

### Where Do You Go To My Lovely

She looks like Lassie with acne  
She dances like Biff the Bear  
Her clothes are all made by Bernards  
And there's lice in her pubic hair  
Yes there are, Ha, ha, ha, ha

So where do you go to my lovely  
When you're alone in your pit  
Tell me the thoughts that surround you  
When you're having a spine shattering shit

### Captain of the Heads' Lament

My job is to clean a naval latrine  
I'm the man with the pan for the pan that everyone uses  
The paper's OK - on both sides the news is  
You know what I mean, in my latrine  
I clean it by night and I clean it by day  
I keep it the way, the way you'd expect it  
And when it gets high I just disinfect it  
Terrifically clean is my latrine  
I clean it by day and at four in the morning  
My oppo joins in, we polish the chains  
And there we are scrubbing away together  
It seems so clean, my latrine

Wondering if we'll get out the stains  
What joys we have seen, what raptures we've tasted  
Then along comes the gang and we know our efforts  
were wasted  
They shit anywhere, they don't care where they place it  
It fair makes you scream, in my latrine  
I've laid traps for the chaps  
who have craps in all directions  
I've even laid grass for each arse to establish connections  
But I stay aloof  
They can't reach the roof  
That's one place that's clean, in my latrine

### On Top of Old Smoky

On top of old Smoky where nobody goes  
They do the locomotion without any clothes

Down by the river where nobody goes  
There's Margaret Thatcher picking her nose



### Bye, Bye, Blackbird

Once a boy was no good, took a girl into the wood  
Bye, bye, blackbird  
Laid her down upon the grass  
Pinched her tits and slapped her arse  
Bye, bye, blackbird  
Took her where no-one else could find her  
To a place where he could really grind her  
Rolled her over on her front  
Shoved his prick right up her cunt  
Blackbird bye, bye.

But this girl was no sport  
Took her story to a court  
Bye, bye, blackbird  
Told her story in the morn  
All the jury had a horn  
Bye, bye, blackbird  
Then the judge came to his decision  
This poor sod got eighteen months in prison  
So next time, boy, do it right  
Stuff her twat with dynamite  
Blackbird bye, bye.

### There is a Green Hill

There is a green hill far away  
Beyond a city wall  
Where the Dear Lord was crucified  
Who died to save us all

For he's a jolly good fellow  
For he's a jolly good fellow  
For he's a jolly good fe - llow  
And so say all of us

## Christopher Robin and Alice

Inside the yard at Buckingham Palace  
Christopher Robin went down on Alice  
"Dear little Christopher knows his stuff,  
At 'Trying the Beard' and 'Noshing the Muff'  
Says Alice

Inside the yard at Buckingham Palace  
Christopher Robin's still gobblin' Alice  
"One more time, then after lunch,  
I'll reciprocate and 'Munch the Trunch"  
Says Alice

Christopher Robin has got his knob in,  
Alice is down and she's gobblin' Robin  
She won't say a word while 'Tongueing the Tool'  
"Cos it's rude to talk when your mouth is full"  
Says Alice

They're plating hard at Buckingham Palace  
Alice plates Robin and Robin plates Alice  
They're lying down upon the turf  
"Nothing compares with a Soixante-Neuf"  
Says Alice

## Swing Low Sweet Chariot

*Sung to the Melody of "Swing Low Sweet Chariot"*

Chorus > Swing low sweet chariot  
Coming for to carry me home  
Swing low sweet chariot  
Coming for to carry me home

I looked over Jordan, and what did I see,  
Coming for to carry me home,  
A band of Angels coming after me  
Coming for to carry me home

If you get there, before I do  
Coming for to carry me home  
Tell all my friends I'm coming too  
Coming for to carry me home

Chorus: (repeated softly, humming,  
silent actions only, then loud)

## Carolina

Nothing could be finer than to be in a vagina in  
the morning  
Nothing could be sweeter than to be stuck up Rita in  
the morning

## The Fart

*Sung to the melody of "Mademoiselle from Armentieres"*

There was an old lady of eighty-two, parlez-vous  
There was an old lady of eighty-two, parlez-vous  
There was an old lady of eighty-two  
Did a fart but missed the loo, inky, pinky, parlez-vous

The fart went rolling down the street, parlez-vous  
The fart went rolling down the street, parlez-vous  
The fart went rolling down the street  
Knocked a copper off his feet, inky, pinky parlez-vous

The copper got out his rusty pistol, parlez-vous  
The copper got out his rusty pistol, parlez-vous  
The copper got out his rusty pistol  
Shot the fart from here to Bristol, inky, pinky, parlez-vous

Bristol Rovers playing at home, parlez-vous  
Bristol Rovers playing at home, parlez-vous  
Bristol Rovers playing at home,  
Kicked the fart from here to Rome, inky, pinky, parlez-vous

Julius Caesar drinking gin, parlez-vous  
Julius Caesar drinking gin, parlez-vous  
Julius Caesar drinking gin,  
Opened his gob and the fart went in, inky, pinky, parlez-vous

The fart went rolling down his spine, parlez-vous  
The fart went rolling down his spine, parlez-vous  
The fart went rolling down his spine,  
Knocked his balls out of line, inky, pinky parlez-vous

## The Twelve Days of Christmas

On the first day of Christmas my true love sent to me  
A pervert in a pantry

On the second day of Christmas my true love sent to me  
Two virgin queens

On the third day of Christmas my true love sent to me  
Three shithouse doors

On the fourth day of Christmas my true love sent to me  
Four Pompey whores

On the fifth day of Christmas my true love sent to me  
Five choir boys

On the sixth day of Christmas my true love sent to me  
Six convicted vicars

On the seventh day of Christmas my true love sent to me  
Seven sexless spinsters

On the eighth day of Christmas my true love sent to me  
Eight useless eunuchs

On the ninth day of Christmas my true love sent to me  
Nine naked nymphos

On the tenth day of Christmas my true love sent to me  
Ten turgid testicles

On the eleventh day of Christmas my true love sent to me  
Eleven languid lesbians

On the twelfth day of Christmas my true love sent to me  
Twelve twisted twats

## Puff the Magic Dragon

Chorus:

Puff the magic dragon, lived by the sea  
And trolleyed all the smally boys in a land called Pompey  
Little jolly jack tar loved that rascal Puff  
And brought him lots of baby oil and other fancy stuff

Once a pure white virgin, lived by the sea  
She frolicked over the pastoral field, her name Virginitiy  
A sweet young lass of just sixteen, a rosebud ripe and firm  
She wandered over the verdant hills not knowing of the spern.

Well Puff the magic dragon lived not far away  
His cock was damn near two feet long  
He poked one twice a day  
He was a Pompey matelot with vest and pinstriped shirt  
He rode a dockyard bicycle, the sexy extrovert

One day while she was roaming round the dockyard ships  
He spied her bending over there, that bitch with swinging hips  
He jumped right off his bicycle and grabbed her by the ass  
He tore off all her clothing and laid her in the grass

Her maidenhead was busted, the ground ran bloody red,  
He poked her till the twilight came,  
then took her home to bed  
He poked her till the sun rose, she begged for more and more  
He turned that pure Virginitiy into a Goddamned whore!

Christ, the Magic Christian, lived by the sea  
And frolicked in the autumn mists in a land called Galilee  
His Mother was virgin, his Father was a Jew  
If you had a family tree like that, they'd crucify you too

## Black Sausage

A is for A

L is for long; A long, a,a,a long

S is for strong; Long strong; A long strong;

A, a, a long strong

B is for black; Strong, black; Long, strong, black;

A long, strong, black;

A, a, a long, strong, black

S is for sausage; Black sausage; Strong, black sausage;

Long, strong, black sausage; A long, strong, black  
sausage;

A, a, a long, strong, black sausage

U is for up; Sausage up; Black sausage up;

Strong, black sausage up; Long, strong, black sausage up;

A long, strong, black sausage up;

A, a, a long, strong, black sausage up

M is for my; Up my; Sausage up my; Black sausage up my;

Strong, black sausage up my,

Long, strong, black sausage up my;

A long, strong, black sausage up my;

A, a, a long, strong, black sausage up my

S is for sister; My sister; Up my sister;

Sausage up my sister; Black sausage up my sister;

Strong, black sausage up my sister;

Long, strong, black sausage up my sister;

A long, strong, black sausage up my sister;

A, a, a long, strong, black sausage up my sister

C is for cat; Sister's cat; My sister's cat;  
Up my sister's cat; Sausage up my sister's cat;  
Black sausage up my sister's cat;  
Strong, black sausage up my sister's cat;  
Long, strong, black sausage up my sister's cat;  
A long, strong, black sausage up my sister's cat;  
A, a, a long, strong, black sausage up my sister's cat

A is for arsehole; Cat's arsehole; Sister's cat's arsehole;  
My sister's cat's arsehole; Up my sister's cat's arsehole;  
Sausage up my sister's cat's arsehole;  
Black sausage up my sister's cat's arsehole;  
Strong, black sausage up my sister's cat's arsehole;  
Long, strong, black sausage up my sister's cat's arsehole;  
A long, strong, black sausage up  
my sister's cat's arsehole;  
A, a, a long, strong, black sausage up my  
sister's cat's arsehole.

T is for twice; Cats arsehole twice;  
Sisters cat's arsehole twice;  
My sister's cat's arsehole twice;  
Up my sister's cat's arsehole twice;  
Sausage up my sister's cat's arsehole twice;  
Black sausage up my sister's cat's arsehole twice;  
Strong, black sausage up my sister's cat's arsehole twice;  
Long, strong, black sausage up my sister's cat's arsehole twice;  
A long, strong, black sausage up my sister's cat's  
arsehole twice;  
A, a, a long, strong, black sausage up my  
sister's cat's arsehole twice.



N is for nightly; Twice nightly; Arsehole twice nightly;  
Cat's arsehole twice nightly;  
Sister's cat's arsehole twice nightly;  
My sister's cat's arsehole twice nightly;  
Up my sister's cat's arsehole twice nightly;  
Sausage up my sister's cat's arsehole twice nightly;  
Black sausage up my sister's cat's arsehole twice nightly;  
Strong, black sausage up my sister's cat's arsehole  
twice nightly;  
Long, strong, black sausage up my sister's cat's  
arsehole twice nightly;  
A long, strong, black sausage up my sister's cat's  
arsehole twice nightly;  
A, a, a long, strong, black sausage up my  
sister's cat's arsehole twice nightly.

W is for weather; nightly weather; Twice nightly weather;  
Arsehole twice nightly weather;  
Cat's arsehole twice nightly weather;  
Sister's cat's arsehole twice nightly weather;  
My sister's cat's arsehole twice nightly weather;  
Up my sister's cat's arsehole twice nightly weather;  
Sausage up my sister's cat's arsehole twice nightly weather;  
Black sausage up my sister's cat's arsehole twice  
nightly weather;  
Strong, black sausage up my sister's cat's arsehole  
twice nightly weather;  
Long, strong, black sausage up my sister's cat's arsehole  
twice nightly weather;  
A long, strong, black sausage up my sister's cat's  
arsehole twice nightly weather;  
A, a, a long, strong, black sausage up my  
sister's cat's arsehole twice nightly weather.

P is for permitting; Weather permitting;  
Nightly weather permitting;  
Twice nightly weather permitting;  
Arsehole twice nightly weather permitting;  
Cat's arsehole twice nightly weather permitting;  
Sister's cat's arsehole twice nightly weather permitting;  
My sister's cat's arsehole twice nightly weather  
permitting;  
Up my sister's cat's arsehole twice nightly weather  
permitting;  
Sausage up my sister's cat's arsehole twice nightly  
weather permitting;  
Black sausage up my sister's cat's arsehole twice  
nightly weather permitting;  
Strong, black sausage up my sister's cat's arsehole  
twice nightly weather permitting;  
Long, strong, black sausage up my sister's cat's arsehole  
twice nightly weather permitting;  
A long, strong, black sausage up my sister's cat's  
arsehole twice nightly weather permitting;  
A, a, a long, strong, black sausage up my sister's  
cat's arsehole twice nightly weather permitting;

S is for sideways; Permitting sideways;  
Weather permitting sideways;  
Nightly weather permitting sideways;  
Twice nightly weather permitting sideways;  
Arsehole twice nightly weather permitting sideways;  
Cat's arsehole twice nightly weather permitting sideways;  
Sister's cat's arsehole twice nightly weather  
permitting sideways;  
My sister's cat's arsehole twice nightly weather  
permitting sideways;  
Up my sister's cat's arsehole twice nightly weather  
permitting sideways;  
Sausage up my sister's cat's arsehole twice nightly  
weather permitting sideways;  
Black sausage up my sister's cat's arsehole twice  
nightly weather permitting sideways;  
Strong, black sausage up my sister's cat's arsehole  
twice nightly weather permitting sideways;  
Long, strong, black sausage up my sister's cat's arsehole  
twice nightly weather permitting sideways;  
A long, strong, black sausage up my sister's cat's  
arsehole twice nightly weather permitting sideways;  
A, a, a long, strong, black sausage up my sister's cat's  
arsehole twice nightly weather permitting sideways.

### Christmas Day

#### *Recital*

It was Christmas Day in the workhouse  
The snow was snowing fast  
We don't want your Christmas pud'  
You can put it on the next man's plate

## Coconut Grove

Well up jumped a monkey from a coconut grove

Well up jumped a monkey from a coconut grove

He's a cool looking dude, you can tell by his clothes

*Repeat each following line*

In a three button beanie and a two button stitch

He's a cock sucking, motherfucking son of a bitch

He lined a hundred whores up against a wall

And bet a hundred bucks he could fuck them all

He fucked ninety eight till his prick turned blue

Then he backed up, shacked up and fucked the other two

When he died, it was sure he'd go to hell

Where he fucked the Devil's daughter and his wife as well

In the graveyard you can see on his tomb

You'd better watch out or he'll fuck you too

## The Music Man

Chorus>

I am the music man, I come from down your way,  
What can you play? What can you pla-ay?

I can play the piccolo, piccolo, piccolo,  
I can play the piccolo, picco, piccolo,  
Picco, picco, piccolo, piccolo, piccolo  
Picco, picco, piccolo, picco, piccolo

I can play the trombone, the trombone, the trombone  
I can play the trombone, trombone  
Oompah, oompah, oompah pah, oompah pah, oompah pah  
Oompah, oompah, oompah pah, oompah, oompah pah

I can play the mouth organ, the mouth organ, the mouth  
organ, I can play the mouth organ, the mouth organ  
Suck back, suck back, suck back blow  
Suck back blow, suck back blow  
Suck back, suck back, suck back blow  
Suck back, suck back blow

I can play the Archers, the Archers, the Archers  
I can play the Archers, the Archers  
Dum ta dum ta dum ta dum  
Dum ta dum ta da dum  
Dum ta dum ta dum ta dum  
Dum ta dumety dum

I can play the Palladium, the Palladium, the Palladium  
I can play the Palladium, the Palladium  
Da, da, ta, da, da, da, da, da,  
Da, da, ta, da, da, da, da, da

I can play with myself, with myself, with myself

I can play with myself, with myself

Wank, wank, wank, wank, wank, wank, wank

Wank, wank, wank, wank, wank, wank

Wank, wank, wank, wank, wank, wank, wank

Wank, wank, wank, wank, wank

I can play the dambusters, the dambusters, the  
dambusters, I can play the dambusters, the dambusters  
(dambusters theme tune)

I can play the big bass drum, big bass drum, big bass  
drum, I can play the big bass drum, big bass drum

Bang, bang, bang, bang, bang, bang, bang

Bang, bang, bang, bang, bang, bang

Bang, bang, bang, bang, bang, bang, bang

Bang, bang, bang, bang, bang

I can play the violin, the violin, the violin

I can play the violin, vio, violin

Vio, vio, viola, viola, viola

Vio, vio, viola, vio, viola

I can play the bagpipes, the bagpipes, the bagpipes

I can play the bagpipes, the bagpipes

(Noise made by holding nose and tapping

Adam's apple)

I can play the sexaphone, sexaphone, sexaphone

I can play the sexaphone, sexa, sexaphone,

Sexy, sexy, sexyphone, sexyphone, sexyphone

Sexy, sexy, sexyphone, sexy, sexyphone

## Lady in Red

She's a lady in red  
She's a lady in red                      refrain  
With her legs around her head  
With her legs around her head      refrain  
Wo, o, o, o                                  chorus  
Wo, o, o, o

She's a lady in black, She's a lady in black  
And she likes it on her back, And she likes it on her back

She's a lady in pink, She's a lady in pink  
And she makes your finger stink,  
And she makes your finger stink

She's a lady in check, She's a lady in check  
With her legs around her neck  
With her legs around her neck

She's a lady in blue, She's a lady in blue  
And she likes it with two, And she likes it with two

She's a lady in white, She's a lady in white  
And she does it twice a night,  
And she does it twice a night

She's a lady in tartan, She's a lady in tartan  
Get away when she starts fartin'  
Get away when she starts fartin'

## Yogi Bear

Yogi's got an enemy, Ranger, Ranger  
Yogi's got an enemy, Ranger, Ranger Smith  
Ranger, Ranger Smith, Ranger, Ranger Smith  
Yogi's got an enemy, Ranger, Ranger Smith

Yogi's got a little friend, Boo boo, Boo boo  
Yogi's got a little friend, Boo boo, Boo boo Bear  
Boo boo, Boo boo Bear, Boo boo, Boo boo Bear  
Yogi's got a little friend, Boo boo, Boo boo Bear

Yogi's got a lady friend, Fifi, Fifi  
Yogi's got a lady friend, Fifi, Fifi Bear  
Fifi, Fifi Bear, Fifi, Fifi Bear  
Yogi's got a lady friend, Fifi, Fifi Bear

Yogi's into whips and chains, kinky, kinky  
Yogi's into whips and chains, kinky, kinky Bear  
Kinky, kinky Bear, Kinky, kinky Bear  
Yogi's into whips and chains, kinky, kinky Bear

## The Cow Kicked Nelly in the Belly in the Barn

The cow kicked Nelly in the belly in the barn  
The cow kicked Nelly in the belly in the barn  
The cow kicked Nelly in the belly in the barn  
The Doctor says she'll be all right

Next verse, same as the first  
A little bit louder and a little bit worse

(Repeat getting louder and faster until  
screaming loud and fast as possible)



### The Match

My old man's a dustman, he wears a dustman's hat  
He took me round the corner to watch a football  
match

Fatty passed to skinny and skinny passed it back  
Fatty took a rotten shot which knocked the goalie  
flat

Where was the goalie when the ball was in the net  
Hanging round the goalpost with his balls around his  
neck

They laid him on a stretcher, they laid him on a bed  
They wrapped his bum in chewing gum  
And this is what they said

Rule Britannia, three monkeys on a stick  
One fell down and paralysed his  
Willie watchdog lying on the grass  
Along came a bumblebee and stung him up the  
Ask no questions, tell no lies  
I saw a policeman doing up his  
Flies are a nuisance, bees are worse  
This is the end of my silly little verse

### Darling Grace

Oh Darling Grace  
I love your face  
I love you in your nightie  
When the moonlight flits  
Across your tits  
Oh Jesus Christ Almighty

## The Sailor

There once was a sailor who sat on a rock  
Waving his fist and abusing his  
Neighbouring partner, watching his tricks  
Teaching his children to play with their  
Kites and their marbles as in days of yore  
When along came a woman who looked like a  
Decent young lady who walked like a duck  
She said she was learning a new way to  
Bring up her children and decent to knit  
While the boys in the farmyard were shovelling the  
Contents of pigsty and muck and the mire  
The squire of the manor was pulling his horse from  
His stable to go to the hunt  
His wife in the boudoir was powdering her nose  
And arranging her vanity box  
And taking precautions to ward off the gout  
And romantics which made her feel sick  
For well did she remember her last days  
Of what did you think I was going to say  
No you little bugger that's all for today

## Arseholes Are Cheap Today

Arseholes are cheap today  
Cheaper than yesterday  
Little boys are half-a-crown  
Standing up or lying down  
Big ones or bigger pricks  
Biggest ones cost three and six  
Blow jobs are free  
So come and try one

## The Paratrooper

*Sung to the melody of "John Brown's Body"  
or "The Battle Hymn of the Republic"*

My Sergeant-Major jumped from forty thousand feet  
My Sergeant-Major jumped from forty thousand feet  
My Sergeant-Major jumped from forty thousand feet  
And he ain't gonna jump no more

Glory, glory what a hell of a way to die < Chorus  
With your left foot in your ear  
And your right foot in your eye  
Glory, glory what a hell of a way to die  
And he ain't gonna jump no more

He landed on the runway like a lump of strawberry jam  
He landed on the runway like a lump of strawberry jam  
He landed on the runway like a lump of strawberry jam  
And he ain't gonna jump no more

They put him in an envelope and sent him off to Mum  
They put him in an envelope and sent him off to Mum  
They put him in an envelope and sent him off to Mum  
And he ain't gonna jump no more

They put him on the mantelpiece for everyone to see  
They put him on the mantelpiece for everyone to see  
They put him on the mantelpiece for everyone to see  
And he ain't gonna jump no more

## The Happy Wanderer

*Sung to the melody of "The Happy Wanderer"*

I love to go a wandering along the mountain track  
And as I go I love to sing,  
My knapsack on my back

Fol der ay, fol der ah, fol der ay      <      Chorus  
Fol der ah, ha ha ha ha ha  
Fol der ay, fol der ah  
My knapsack on my back

Jack and Jill went up the hill, to fetch a piece of cheese  
Jack came down with a beaming smile  
And his trousers round his knees

Jack and Jill went up the hill, to fetch a pail of water  
I don't know what they did up there  
But they came down with a daughter

Little Miss Muffet, she sat on her tuffet  
Her knickers all tattered and torn  
But it wasn't a spider that sat down beside her  
It was Little Boy Blue and his horn

Mary had a little lamb, she also had a bear  
I've never seen her little lamb  
But I've often seen her bear

## The Maid of the Mountain Glen

There was a maid of the mountain glen  
Seduced herself with a fountain pen  
The pen it broke and the ink ran wild  
And she gave birth to a blue-black child

Chorus> They called the bastard Stephen  
They called the bastard Stephen  
They called the bastard Stephen  
For that was the name of the ink  
Quink Quink

Stephen was a bonny child  
Pride and joy of his mother mild  
And all that worried her was this  
His steady stream of blue-black piss

Chorus:

Mary of New Brighton Pier  
Seduced herself with a bottle of beer  
The top came off and the froth ran wild  
And she gave birth to a nut brown child

They called the bastard Whitbread  
They called the bastard Whitbread  
They called the bastard Whitbread  
For that was the name of the beer  
Queer Queer

## Drunken Sailor

*Sung to the melody of "Drunken Sailor"*

What shall we do with the drunken sailor  
What shall we do with the drunken sailor  
What shall we do with the drunken sailor  
Early in the morning

Chorus>

Hooray and up she rises, hooray and up she rises  
Hooray and up she rises, early in the morning

Put him in the long boat till he's sober  
Put him in the long boat till he's sober  
Put him in the long boat till he's sober  
Early in the morning

Shave his belly with a rusty razor  
Shave his belly with a rusty razor  
Shave his belly with a rusty razor  
Early in the morning

Put him in bed with the Captain's daughter  
Put him in bed with the Captain's daughter  
Put him in bed with the Captain's daughter  
Early in the morning

## Roll Me Over in the Clover

Chorus>

This is number one and the fun has just begun

Roll me over, lay me down and do it again

Roll me over in the clover

Roll me over, lay me down and do it again

Oh this number two and my hand is on her shoe

Chorus:

Oh this is number three and my hand is on her knee

Chorus:

Oh this is number four and we're rolling on the floor

Chorus:

Oh, this is number five and the bee is in the hive

Chorus:

Oh, this is number six and she said she liked my tricks

Chorus:

Oh, this is number seven and we're in our seventh heaven

Chorus:

Oh, this is number eight and the nurse is at the gate

Chorus:

Oh, this is number nine and the twins are doing fine

Chorus:

Oh, this is number ten and we're at it once again

Chorus:

Oh, this is number eleven and we start again from seven

Chorus:

Oh, this is number twelve and she said "Nu kan jag själv"

Chorus:

### Three German Officers

*Sung to the melody of "Mademoiselle  
from Armentieres"*

Three German officers crossed the Rhine  
parlez-vous

Three German officers crossed the Rhine  
parlez-vous

Three German officers crossed the Rhine  
Shagged all the women and drank all the wine  
Inky pinky parlez-vous

They came upon a wayside inn parlez-vous  
They came upon a wayside inn parlez-vous  
They came upon a wayside inn  
Pissed on the door and kicked it in  
Inky pinky parlez-vous

The landlord had a daughter fair parlez-vous  
The landlord had a daughter fair parlez-vous  
The landlord had a daughter fair  
Lily white tits and golden hair  
Inky pinky parlez-vous

They tied her to a big soft bed parlez-vous  
They tied her to a big soft bed parlez-vous  
They tied her to a big soft bed  
Shagged her till she was nearly dead  
Inky pinky parlez-vous

They took her up the rickety stairs parlez-vous  
They took her up the rickety stairs parlez-vous  
They took her up the rickety stairs  
Shagged her back to life again  
Inky pinky parlez-vous



## All the Nice Girls Love a Sailor

*Sung to the melody of "Ship Ahoy"*

When the man-o'-war or merchant ship  
Comes sailing into port  
The jolly tar with joy  
Will sing out "Land Ahoy!"  
With his pockets full of money  
And a parrot in a cage  
He smiles at all the pretty girls  
Upon the landing stage

All the nice girls love a sailor, all the nice girls love a tar  
'Cos there's something about a sailor  
Well you know what sailors are  
Bright and breezy, free and easy  
He's the ladies pride and joy  
He's been up our Lady Jane and he's going up again  
Ship ahoy, sailor boy

Jack is partial to the yellow girls  
Across the Eastern Seas  
With lovely almond eyes  
The tar they hypnotise  
And when he goes to the Sandwich Isles  
He loves the dusky belles  
Dressed up a la Salome  
Coloured beads and oyster shells

All the nice girls love a candle, all the nice girls love a wick  
For there's something about a candle  
That reminds them of a prick  
Nice and greasy, slips in easy, it's the ladies pride and joy  
So when you're walking down the front  
With a candle up your cunt, ship ahoy, sailor boy

He will spend his money freely  
And he's generous to his pals  
While Jack has got a sou  
There's half of it for you  
And it's just the same in Love or War  
He goes through with a smile  
And you can trust a sailor  
He's a white man all the while

All the nice girls love a sailor, all the nice girls love a tar  
For there's something about a sailor  
Well you know what sailors are  
Bright and breezy, free and easy, he's the ladies' pride and joy  
Falls in love with Kate and Jane, then he's off to sea again  
Ship ahoy! ship ahoy!

### Yellow Bird

Yellow bird  
Yellow bird  
A landed on  
A landed on  
A windowsill  
A windowsill  
I coached it in  
I coached it in  
With a piece of bread  
With a piece of bread  
And then I stamped  
And then I stamped  
On it's fucking head  
On it's fucking head

## Holy ground

Fare thee well my lovely, a thousand times adieu  
For we're going away from the Holy ground  
And the girls we all love true  
We shall sail the salt seas over  
And we'll return for sure  
To see again the girls we love  
And the Holy ground once more

Fine girl you are, you're the girl I do adore < Chorus  
And still I live in hope to see the Holy ground once more  
Fine girl you are

And now the storm is raging and we are far from shore  
And the good old ship is tossing about  
And the rigging is all tore  
And the secret of my mind my love  
You're the girl I do adore  
And still I live in hope to see  
The Holy ground once more

And now the storm is over and we are safe and well  
We'll go into a public house and sit and drink our fill  
We will drink strong ale and porter  
And we'll make the rafters roar  
And when our money is all spent  
We will go to sea once more

## The Lobster Song

Oh Mr fisherman how do you do  
Have you a lobster big enough for two  
Singing o tiddly o, shit or bust  
Never let your bollocks dangle in the dust

Yes Sir, yes Sir I have two  
And the biggest of the bastards I will give to you  
Singing o tiddly o, shit or bust  
Never let your bollocks dangle in the dust

We took the lobster home and we couldn't find a dish  
So we put it in the place where the missus has a piss  
Singing o tiddly o, shit or bust  
Never let your bollocks dangle in the dust

In the middle of the night the missus gave a grunt  
There was the lobster hanging from her cunt  
Singing o tiddly o, shit or bust  
Never let your bollocks dangle in the dust

The missus grabbed a squeegee and I grabbed a broom  
We chased the fucking lobster all around the room  
Singing o tiddly o, shit or bust  
Never let your bollocks dangle in the dust

Now the moral of the story and that is this  
Always have a shufti before you have a piss  
Singing o tiddly o, shit or bust  
Never let your bollocks dangle in the dust

That's the end of the song and don't ask for more  
There's an apple up my arsehole  
and you can have the core  
Singing o tiddly o, shit or bust  
Never let your bollocks dangle in the dust

My            Mother-in-Law

One night in gay Paree, I paid five francs to see  
A much tattooed lady, a big fat french lady  
Tattooed from head to knee and on her jaw  
Was a British man-o-war  
And in the middle of her back was a Union Jack  
So I paid three francs more  
And up and down her spine  
Were the old die-hards in line and on her big fat bum  
Was a picture of the rising sun and on her fanny  
Was Al Jolson singing "Mammy"  
How I love her, how I love her  
How I love my mother-in-law

I love my mother-in-law,  
She's nothing but a dirty old whore  
She nags me day and night, I can't do fuck all right  
Last night I heard she was coming round to stay  
Now isn't it a pity she only has one titty  
And in the family way  
Last night I greased the stairs,  
Put tin-tacks on the chairs  
I hope she breaks her back  
Cause I do love wearing black  
As sure as sugar's candy, I know the old cow's randy  
How I love her, how I love her  
How I love my mother-in-law

## Lord of the Dance

I danced in the morning when the world was begun  
And danced in the Moon and the Stars and the Sun  
I came down from Heaven and I danced on the Earth  
At Bethlehem I had my birth

Chorus >

Dance then wherever you may be  
I am the Lord of the Dance said he  
I'll lead you all wherever you may be  
I'll lead you all in the dance said he

I danced with the Scribe and the Pharacee  
But they would not dance, they wouldn't follow me  
I danced with the fishermen both James and John  
And they came with me so the dance went on

I danced on the Sabbath and I cured the lame  
The Holy people said it was a shame  
They whipped when they stripped then they hung me on high  
They left me there on the cross to die

I danced on the Friday and the sky turned black  
It's hard to dance with the Devil on your back  
They buried my body and they thought I was gone  
But I am the dance and I still go on

They cut me down but I left up high  
For I am the life that will never die  
I'll live in you if you live in me  
For I am the Lord of the dance said he

On Ilkley Moor Baht'at

Where hast thee been since I saw thee, since I saw thee  
On Ilkley Moor baht'at  
Where hast thee been since I saw thee, since I saw thee  
Where hast thee been since I saw thee  
On Ilkley Moor baht'at, where's that < Chorus  
On Ilkley Moor baht'at,  
On Ilkley Moor baht'at

Thy's been a' courtin' Mary Jane, Mary Jane  
On Ilkley Moor baht'at  
Thy's been a' courtin' Mary Jane, Mary Jane  
Thy's been a' courtin' Mary Jane

Thy's going to catch your death of cold  
On Ilkley Moor baht'at  
Thy's going to catch your death of cold, death of cold  
Thy's going to catch your death of cold

Then we shall have to bury thee, bury thee  
On Ilkley Moor baht'at  
Then we shall have to bury thee, bury thee  
Then we shall have to bury thee

Then worms'll come and eat thee up, eat thee up  
On Ilkley Moor baht'at  
Then worms'll come and eat thee up, eat thee up  
Then worms'll come and eat thee up

Then ducks'll come and eat up worms, eat up worms  
On Ilkley Moor baht'at  
Then ducks'll come and eat up worms, eat up worms  
Then ducks'll come and eat up worms

Then we shall come and eat up ducks, eat up ducks  
On Ilkey Moor baht'at  
Then we shall come and eat up ducks, eat up ducks  
Then we shall come and eat up ducks

Then we shall all have eaten thee, eaten thee  
On Ilkey Moor baht'at  
Then we shall all have eaten thee, eaten thee  
Then we shall all have eaten thee

### **Magic Moments**

Remember the night, I wanted a shite, I waited for hours  
Up over the wall, across the lawn  
I shat on the flowers

Chorus:

Magic moments, when two hearts are sharing  
Magic moments filled with love

We went to the sea, I knew it to be, a time of emotion  
We laid on the sand, my prick in your hand  
I pissed in the ocean

We went for a ride, side by side, we developed a wobble  
We fell on the grass, I played with your arse  
You gave me a gobble

We went to the park and just for a lark  
I pissed in the flowers  
You laid on your back, I played with your crack  
For hours and hours

I'll never forget, the smell of your sweat  
The night we were dancing  
You said it was fine, to drink my urine  
It tasted so rancid



## The Wild West Show

Oh we're off to see the Wild West Show      <    Chorus  
The elephant and the kangaroo oo oo o  
Never mind the weather, we're all here together  
We're off to see the Wild West Show

And in this corner we have the Oomigooley Bird  
"The Oomigooley bird, what the fucking hell's that?"  
The Oomigooley bird has very large testicles  
and very short feet, so that when it comes in to land  
it goes "Oo me goolies, oo me goolies"

And in this corner we have the  
Wherethefuckarewe tribe    "The Wherethefuckarewe  
tribe, what the fucking hell's that?"  
The Wherethefuckarewe tribe are a tribe of  
pygmies who live in elephant grass that's six foot  
high so they spend all the time jumping up and down  
going        "Wherethefuckarewe, Wherethefuckarewe?"

And in this corner we have the Winkywanky bird  
"The Winkywanky bird, what the fucking hell's that?"  
The nervous system of this bird's eyelids is  
connected to his foreskin and every time he winks  
he wanks and every time he wanks he winks.  
Lady, please don't throw sand in his eye!

And in this cage we have the giraffe  
"The giraffe, what the fucking hell's that?"  
This creature is the most popular in the animal  
kingdom. Why? Every time he goes into a bar  
he says, "The highballs are on me"

And in this corner we have the laughing Hyena

"The laughing Hyena, what the fucking hell's that?"

This animal lives in the mountains and once every year comes down to eat. Once every two years he comes down to drink and once every three years he comes down for sexual intercourse. What the fucking hell he has to laugh about I don't know!

And over here we have the Orangutan

"The Orangutan, what the fucking hell's that?"

The Orangutan is an ape and swings through the trees from branch to branch and as he swings his balls go orang - otang, orang - otang!

And over here we have the Rhinoceros

"The Rhinoceros, what the fucking hell's that?"

This animal is reputed to be the richest in the world. Its name is derived from the Latin - rhino meaning money and sore arse meaning piles, hence piles of money!

And in the next cage we have the leopard

Yes, the leopard on it's coat has one spot for every day of the year. What about a Leap Year you ask? Dick, lift up the leopard's tail!

And in here we have the Keerie bird  
"The Keerie bird, what the fucking hell's that?"  
This bird lives in the Antarctic and every time it  
comes into land on the ice, it goes "Keerie, keerie  
keer-ist it's cold!"

And on the platform is the elephant  
"The elephant, what the fucking hell's that?"  
The elephant has a ginormous appetite. In one day it  
eats two tons of hay, one dozen bunches of bananas  
and twenty buckets of rice. Madam don't stand too  
near the elephant's backside. Madam, madam  
- too late! Sid, dig her out!

And over in the sand is the ostereech  
"The ostereech, what the fucking hell's that?"  
This bird, at the first sign of danger, buries its head  
in the sand and whistles through the rest of the  
afternoon. All together now, (whistle Colonel Bogey)!

And in the next cage we have the Triangular  
This animal has a triangular orifice - hence the  
Pyramids and the sign of the Y.W.C.A.

And here, ladies and gentlemen, we have the Oozle Wozzle  
Bird. These birds fly in a line ahead formation and, at the  
first sign of danger, the last bird flies up the arse of the  
bird in front and so on up the line. The remaining bird then  
flies round in ever decreasing circles, finally disappearing  
up its own orifice from which position it proceeds to  
shower shit and derision in all directions.

## Those Old Red Flannel Drawers That Maggie Wore

On the night that Maggie died, she pulled me to her side  
And gave me a pair of flannel drawers  
They were tattered, they were torn  
Round the arsehole they were worn  
Those old red flannel drawers that Maggie wore

They were hemmed in, they were tucked in  
They were the drawers that she had fucked in  
Those old red flannel drawers that Maggie wore

They were stained in gin and beer  
????????????????????????????????  
Those old red flannel drawers that Maggie wore

They were rotten down the front  
With the dripping of her cunt  
Those old red flannel drawers that Maggie wore

When she hung them on the line, the Sun refused to shine  
Those old red flannel drawers that Maggie wore

When she laid them on the ground  
Flies came from miles around  
Those old red flannel drawers that Maggie wore

She put them on the mat and paralysed the cat  
Those old red flannel drawers that Maggie wore

She put them in the sink, my God there was a stink  
Those old red flannel drawers that Maggie wore

She buried them in the ground  
Killed the grass for miles around  
Those old red flannel drawers that Maggie wore

## Engineer's song

A rum titty bum, titty bum, titty bum, < Chorus  
A rum titty bum, titty bum, titty bum,

An engineer told me before he died  
A rum titty bum, titty bum, titty bum,  
An engineer told me before he died  
And I've no reason to believe he lied

He knew of a woman with a cunt so wide  
A rum titty bum, titty bum, titty bum,  
He knew of a woman with a cunt so wide  
She could never be satisfied

So they built a prick of steel  
A rum titty bum, titty bum, titty bum,  
So they built a prick of steel  
Driven by a bloody great wheel

Two brass balls he filled with cream  
A rum titty bum, titty bum, titty bum,  
Two brass balls he filled with cream  
And the whole bloody issue was driven by steam

Round and round went the bloody great wheel  
A rum titty bum, titty bum, titty bum,  
Round and round went the bloody great wheel  
In and out went the prick of steel

Up and up went the level of steam  
A rum titty bum, titty bum, titty bum,  
Up and up went the level of steam  
Down and down went the level of cream

Till at last the maiden cried  
A rum titty bum, titty bum, titty bum,  
Till at last the maiden cried  
Enough enough I'm satisfied

Now we come to the tragic bit  
A rum titty bum, titty bum, titty bum,  
Now we come to the tragic bit  
There was no way of stopping it

She was split from arse to tit  
A rum titty bum, titty bum, titty bum,  
She was split from arse to tit  
And the whole bloody issue was covered in shit

### Pissing About on the River

I'm a fun loving boy and I always enjoy  
Just pissing about on the river

Watching the stunts of the cunts in the punts  
Who're pissing about on the river

Cheering the eights as they finish the course  
They loosen their rollocks and lay on their oars

The victorious eight is awarded a plate  
For pissing about on the river

The girls wait to welcome the crews at the locks  
They all love a stroke, now they're kissing the Cox

I row to the bank and have a quick wank  
While pissing about on the river

### If I Were the Marrying Kind

If I were the marrying kind  
Which thank the Lord I'm not Sir  
The kind of man that I would wed  
Would be a rugby full back  
He'd find touch, I'd find touch  
We'd all find touch together  
We'd be all right in the middle of the night  
Finding touch together

If I were the marrying kind  
Which thank the Lord I'm not Sir  
The kind of man that I would wed  
Would be a rugby scrum half  
He'd put it in, I'd put it in  
We'd both put it in together  
We'd be all right in the middle of the night  
Putting it in together

If I were the marrying kind  
Which thank the Lord I'm not Sir  
The kind of man that I would wed  
Would be a rugby lock Sir  
He'd hold it in, I'd hold it in  
We'd both hold it in together  
We'd be all right in the middle of the night  
Holding it in together

If I were the marrying kind  
Which thank the Lord I'm not Sir  
The kind of man that I would wed  
Would be a rugby prop Sir  
He'd push hard, I'd push hard  
We'd both push hard together  
We'd be all right in the middle of the night  
Pushing hard together

If I were the marrying kind  
Which thank the Lord I'm not Sir  
The kind of man that I would wed  
Would be a rugby referee  
He'd blow hard, I'd blow hard  
We'd both blow hard together  
We'd be all right in the middle of the night  
Blowing hard together

If I were the marrying kind  
Which thank the Lord I'm not Sir  
The kind of man that I would wed  
Would be a spectator  
He'd come again, I'd come again  
We'd both come again together  
We'd be all right in the middle of the night  
Coming again together



## No Balls At All

Come you old drunkards, give ear to my tale  
This short little story will make you turn pale  
It's about a young lady, so pretty and small  
Who married a man who had no balls at all  
No balls at all, no balls at all  
She married a man who had no balls at all

How well she remembered the night they were wed  
She rolled back the sheets and crept into bed  
She felt for his prick, how strange, it was small  
She felt for his bollocks, no balls at all  
No balls at all, no balls at all  
She married a man who had no balls at all

Mommy, oh Mommy, oh pity my luck  
I've married a man who's unable to fuck  
His tool bag is empty, his screwdriver's small  
The impotent wretch has got no guts at all  
No balls at all, no balls at all  
I married a man who had no balls at all

Dear daughter, dear daughter, it's never so bad  
We do for your man as we done for your Dad  
There's many a man willing to call  
And shag for the man who has no balls at all  
No balls at all, no balls at all  
I married a man who had no balls at all

The pretty young girl took her mother's advice  
And found the whole thing exceedingly nice  
An eleven-pound baby was born in the fall  
But the poor little bastard had no balls at all  
No balls at all, no balls at all  
She married a man who had no balls at all

## Sod 'Em All

Sod 'em all, sod 'em all  
The long and the short and the tall  
Sod all the sergeants and WO ones  
Sod all the corporals and their bastard sons  
For we're saying goodbye to them all  
As back to their billets they crawl  
You'll get no promotion this side of the ocean  
So cheer up my lads, sod 'em all

Sod 'em all, sod 'em all  
The Skipper, the Jimmy and all  
Sod all the Yeomen and CPO Tels  
Sod the Chief Sloshies and their bleeding smells  
For we're saying goodbye to them all  
As back to their hammocks they crawl  
You'll get no promotion this side of the ocean  
So cheer up my lads, sod 'em all

Sod 'em all, sod 'em all  
The Jaunty, the Crusher and all  
Sod all the Shipwrights and CPO Cooks  
Sod all the Paybobs and their bleeding books  
For we're saying goodbye to them all  
As back to their hammocks they crawl  
You'll get no promotion this side of the ocean  
So cheer up my lads, sod 'em all

Sod 'em all, sod 'em all  
The Admiral, the Flag-Jack and all  
Sod all the OAs and EAs as well  
Sod the Chief Stoker and send him to hell  
For we're saying goodbye to them all  
As back to their hammocks they crawl  
You'll get no promotion this side of the ocean  
So cheer up my lads, sod 'em all

## The Tale of Poor Dave

### *Recital*

Now this is the tale of young Davie Bloor  
Whose sexual equipment got jammed in the door  
By the time they had freed him he didn't feel well  
For his poor private parts were all mangled to hell

They rushed him to hospital , the ambulance flew  
But when they arrived, there were nowt they could do  
What a sad day for Dave, condemned without choice  
To a life with no sex and a high squeaky voice

But lucky for Dave, so he wouldn't feel a fool  
Some bright spark suggested a bionic tool  
A smart new electric one, made out of brass  
Though the batteries would have to be kept up his arse

So newly equipped and after a rest  
Dave thought he would put his new tool to the test  
So finding a woman nearest and handy  
He filled her with drink to make her feel randy

The girl without waiting put her hand on Dave's flies  
And when she felt what was there gave a cry of  
surprise

"That's my bionic chopper" he said

"Now let's have some fun"

"Cor blimey" she said "It fits like a gun"

They both stripped off quick and he entered her fast  
Then he turned up the knob and gave her full blast  
They clutched tight to each other  
And Dave's dick shook some more  
They shook off the bed and onto the floor

Now the pace hotted up and they started to choke  
As the air in the room became filled with smoke  
With a bang Dave's bollock flew into the air  
And his other went bonkety-bonk down the stairs

So back to repairs went Dave full of woe  
Was this how his sex life was destined to go?  
A return to the doctor at the end of each shag  
With his prick in his pocket and his balls in a bag

But they fixed Dave up and made him manly again  
And they helped him with batteries and flex to  
the main  
So if he can't get a girl, lucky Dave doesn't cry  
'Cos he's now AC/DC and can go with a guy!

### Here's to the Bastard

Here's to....., he's a blue  
He's a bastard through and through  
He's a bastard so they say  
And he'll never get to heaven in a long, long way  
Drink it down, down, down, down etc.

Oh why are we waiting, why are we waiting

## Nellie Dean

By the old mill stream I'm dreaming, Nellie Dean  
Dreaming of your bright eyes gleaming, Nellie Dean  
As they used to fondly glow  
When we sat there long ago  
List'ning to the waters flow, Nellie Dean  
I can hear the robins singing, Nellie Dean  
Sweetest recollections bringing, Nellie Dean  
And they seem to sing of you  
With your tender eyes of blue  
For I know they miss you too, Nellie Dean

Chorus >

There's an old mill by the stream, Nellie Dean  
Where we used to sit and dream, Nellie Dean  
And the waters as they flow  
Seem to murmur sweet and low  
You're my heart's desire, I love you, Nellie Dean

I recall the day we parted, Nellie Dean  
How you trembled, broken hearted, Nellie Dean  
And you pinned a rose of red  
On my coat of blue and said  
That a soldier boy you'd wed, Nellie Dean  
All the world seems sad and lonely, Nellie Dean  
For I love you and you only, Nellie Dean  
And I wonder if on high  
You still love me, if you sigh  
For the happy days gone by, Nellie Dean

Chorus:

## The Woodpecker Song

I put my finger in the woodpecker's hole  
And the woodpecker said, "God bless my soul,  
Take it out, take it out, take it out, REMOVE it.

I removed my finger from the woodpecker's hole  
And the woodpecker said, "God bless my soul,  
Put it back, put it back, put it back, REPLACE it.

I replaced my finger in the woodpecker's hole  
And the woodpecker said, "God bless my soul,  
Turn it round, turn it round, turn it round, REVOLVE it

I revolved my finger in the woodpecker's hole  
And the woodpecker said, "God bless my soul,  
Turn it back, turn it back, turn it back, REVERSE it.

I reversed my finger in the woodpecker's hole  
And the woodpecker said, "God bless my soul,  
Once again, once again, once again, REPEAT IT.

I repeated my finger in the woodpecker's hole  
And the woodpecker said, "God bless my soul,  
Slow it down, slow it down, slow it down, RETARD IT.

I retarded my finger in the woodpecker's hole  
And the woodpecker said, "God bless my soul,  
Let it go, let it go, let it go, RELEASE IT.

I released my finger in the woodpecker's hole  
And the woodpecker said, "God bless my soul,  
Pull it out, pull it out, pull it out RETRACT IT.

I retracted my finger from the woodpecker's hole  
And the woodpecker said, "God bless my soul,  
Take a whiff, take a whiff, take a whiff, revolting.

## Yoho

He put his hand upon her toe, yoho, yoho  
He put his hand upon her toe, yoho, yoho  
He put his hand upon her toe  
She said "Marine, you're mighty slow  
Get in, get out, quit fucking about, yoho, yoho, yoho.

He put his hand upon her knee, yoho, yoho  
He put his hand upon her knee, yoho, yoho  
He put his hand upon her knee  
She said "Marine, you're teasing me  
Get in, get out, quit fucking about, yoho, yoho, yoho.

He put his hand upon her thigh, yoho, yoho  
He put his hand upon her thigh, yoho, yoho  
He put his hand upon her thigh  
She said "Marine, you're mighty sly  
Get in, get out, quit fucking about, yoho, yoho, yoho.

He put his hand upon her snatch, yoho, yoho  
He put his hand upon her snatch, yoho, yoho  
He put his hand upon her snatch  
She said "Marine, you're starting to scratch  
Get in, get out, quit fucking about, yoho, yoho, yoho.

He put his hand upon her tit, yoho, yoho  
He put his hand upon her tit, yoho, yoho  
He put his hand upon her tit  
She said "Marine, squeeze it a bit  
Get in, get out, quit fucking about, yoho, yoho, yoho.

And now she is in London town, yoho, yoho  
And now she is in London town, yoho, yoho  
And now she is in London town  
She's fucked the boys for miles around  
Get in, get out, quit fucking about,  
yoho, yoho, yoho.

And now she's in a wooden box, yoho, yoho  
And now she's in a wooden box, yoho, yoho  
And now she's in a wooden box  
She died from too many Marine Corps cocks  
Get in, get out, quit fucking about,  
yoho, yoho, yoho.

### Working For the Yankee Dollar

If you go to Yankee land  
You will think the Yanks are grand  
When you've been there for a bit  
You'll find they're full of shit

Chorus: Singing Rum and Coca-Cola  
Have you big fat asshole-a  
Both seamen and stoker  
Working for the Yankee dollar

If you go to Singapore  
You may meet a luscious whore  
She'll take you by the hand  
And wank you till you cannot stand



### Old King Cole

Old King Cole was a merry old soul  
And a merry old soul was he  
He called for his pipe and he called for his bowl  
And he called for his privates three  
Now every private had a very fine thirst  
And a very fine thirst had he  
"Beer, beer, beer, beer, beer" said the privates  
And three merry men are we  
For there's none so rare as can compare  
With Her Majesty's Royal Marines

Old King Cole was a merry old soul  
And a merry old soul was he  
He called for his pipe and he called for his bowl  
And he called for his sergeants three  
Now every sergeant had a very loud voice  
And a very loud voice had he  
"Move to the right in threes" said the sergeants  
"Beer, beer, beer, beer, beer" said the privates  
And three merry men are we  
For there's none so rare as can compare  
With Her Majesty's Royal Marines

Old King Cole was a merry old soul  
And a merry old soul was he  
He called for his pipe and he called for his bowl  
And he called for his subalterns three  
Now every subaltern had a fine grouse  
And a very fine grouse had he  
"We do all the work" said the subalterns  
"Move to the right in threes" said the sergeants  
"Beer, beer, beer, beer, beer" said the privates  
And three merry men are we  
For there's none so rare as can compare  
With Her Majesty's Royal Marines

Old King Cole was a merry old soul  
And a merry old soul was he  
He called for his pipe and he called for his bowl  
And he called for his captains three  
Now every captain was a hard-worked man  
And a hard-worked man was he  
"We want three months leave" said the captains  
"Move to the right in threes" said the sergeants  
"Beer, beer, beer, beer, beer" said the privates  
And three merry men are we  
For there's none so rare as can compare  
With Her Majesty's Royal Marines

Old King Cole was a merry old soul  
And a merry old soul was he  
He called for his pipe and he called for his bowl  
And he called for his adjutants three  
Now every adjutant had a restive horse  
And a very fine horse had he  
"Won't anyone hold my horse?" said the adjutants  
"We want three months leave" said the captains  
"Move to the right in threes" said the sergeants  
"Beer, beer, beer, beer, beer" said the privates  
And three merry men are we  
For there's none so rare as can compare  
With Her Majesty's Royal Marines

Old King Cole was a merry old soul  
And a merry old soul was he  
He called for his pipe and he called for his bowl  
And he called for his majors three  
Now every major had a fine big swear  
And a very fine swear had he  
"Fuck, shit, bollocks, cunt" said the majors  
"Won't anyone hold my horse?" said the adjutants  
"We want three months leave" said the captains  
"Move to the right in threes" said the sergeants  
"Beer, beer, beer, beer, beer" said the privates  
And three merry men are we  
For there's none so rare as can compare  
With Her Majesty's Royal Marines

Old King Cole was a merry old soul  
And a merry old soul was he  
He called for his pipe and he called for his bowl  
And he called for his colonels three  
Now every colonel had a very sore head  
And a very sore head had he  
"What's the next word of command?" said the colonels  
"Fuck, shit, bollocks, cunt" said the majors  
"Won't anyone hold my horse?" said the adjutants  
"We want three months leave" said the captains  
"Move to the right in threes" said the sergeants  
"Beer, beer, beer, beer, beer" said the privates  
And three merry men are we  
For there's none so rare as can compare  
With Her Majesty's Royal Marines

Old King Cole was a merry old soul  
And a merry old soul was he  
He called for his pipe and he called for his bowl  
And he called for his generals three  
Now every general had two red tabs  
And very fine tabs had he  
"We're all very great men" said the generals  
"What's the next word of command?" said the colonels  
"Fuck, shit, bollocks, cunt" said the majors  
"Won't anyone hold my horse?" said the adjutants  
"We want three months leave" said the captains  
"Move to the right in threes" said the sergeants  
"Beer, beer, beer, beer, beer" said the privates  
And three merry men are we  
For there's none so rare as can compare  
With Her Majesty's Royal Marines

### Leprosy

*Sung to the melody of "Jealousy"*

Leprosy, I've got it all over me

### I Joined the Navy

I joined the Navy to see the sea  
What did I see? I saw the sea

### Three Jews from Jerusalem

There were three Jews from Jerusalem  
There were three Jews from Jerusalem  
Jerry, jerry, jerry, us - a - lem  
Jerry, jerry, jerry, us - a - lem  
There were three Jews from Jerusalem

The first Jew's name was Isaac  
The first Jew's name was Isaac  
Eye-see, eye-see, eye-see, suck, suck, suck  
Eye-see, eye-see, eye-see, suck, suck, suck  
The first Jew's name was Isaac

The second Jew's name was Joseph  
The second Jew's name was Joseph  
Josie, josie, josie, siph, syph, syph, syph  
Josie, josie, josie, siph, syph, syph, syph  
The second Jew's name was Joseph

The third Jew's name was Jehosophat  
The third Jew's name was Jehosophat  
Jehose, jehose, jehose, fart, fart, fart  
Jehose, jehose, jehose, fart, fart, fart  
The third Jew's name was Jehosophat

They went for a ride in a charabanc  
They went for a ride in a charabanc  
Chara, chara, chara, bang, bang, bang  
Chara, chara, chara, bang, bang, bang  
They went for a ride in a charabanc

There was a mighty thunderclap  
There was a mighty thunderclap  
Thundie, thundie, thundie, clap, clap, clap  
Thundie, thundie, thundie, clap, clap, clap  
There was a mighty thunderclap

They swerved into a precipice  
They swerved into a precipice  
Precie, precie, precie, piss, piss, piss  
Precie, precie, precie, piss, piss, piss  
They swerved into a precipice

They were taken to a hospital  
They were taken to a hospital  
Hospie, hospie, hospie, tool, tool, tool  
Hospie, hospie, hospie, tool, tool, tool  
They were taken to a hospital

But there were no beds vacant  
But there were no beds vacant  
Vacie, vacie, vacie, cunt, cunt, cunt  
Vacie, vacie, vacie, cunt, cunt, cunt  
But there were no beds vacant

This is where we finish it  
This is where we finish it  
Fini, fini, fini, shit, shit, shit  
Fini, fini, fini, shit, shit, shit  
This is where we finish it

### Sing Us Another One, Do

There once was a man from Newcastle  
Who had a collapsible arsehole  
It was handy you see  
When he farted at tea  
He could bend down and make up a parcel

Chorus > That was a jolly good/terrible song  
Sing us another one, just like the other one  
Sing us another one, do!

There once was a fellow from Kent  
Whose dick was so long that it bent  
To save himself trouble  
He put it in double  
Instead of coming, he went

There once was a fellow from Reading  
Who was constantly wetting the bedding  
Till it made his wife say  
"I don't mind the spray,  
It's the stench in the morning I'm dreading

There was a young man from Devizes  
Whose bollocks were two different sizes  
One weighed a pound  
And dragged on the ground  
The other was large as a fly's is

There once was a man from Benghazi  
Who was having a shit in a carsy  
He was seen by a whore  
Who was passing the door  
Who said, "Bravo", and threw in a sprarzy

An insatiable nymph from Penzance  
Travelled by bus to South Hants  
Five others fucked her  
Beside the conductor  
And the driver came twice in his pants

There once was a man from Belgravia  
Found guilty of obscene behaviour  
When he met little girls  
He'd rub spunk in their curls  
When cautioned he said, "Spunk makes 'em wavier"

There was a young man from Aberystwyth  
Who said to a girl he just kissed with  
"That hole in your crutch  
Is for fucking and such  
And not just a gadget to piss with"

There once was a fellow from Beverley  
Who went in for fucking quite heavily  
He fucked night and day  
Till his bollocks gave way  
But the doctors replaced them quite cleverly

A lady who lived in South Mimms  
Had the most overwhelming of quims  
The priest of the diocese  
Had elephantiasis  
So it wasn't all singing and hymns

There once was a lady called Annie  
With fleas, lice and crabs up her fanny  
To get up her flue  
Was like touring the zoo  
There were wild beasts in each nook and cranny



There was a young lady from Spain  
Who liked a bit now and again  
Not now and again  
But now and again  
And again and again and again

A lesbian lass from Khartoum  
Invited a queer to her room  
As the turned out the light  
He said, "Let's get this right  
Who does what and how and to whom?"

There was a young fellow from Nottingham  
Who saved up tin cans and put snot in 'em  
He threw in some shit  
To spice it a bit  
And sold 'em to small boys who shot in 'em

There was a young girl from Baia  
Who liked sticking flutes up her rear  
After eating escargots  
She could fart Handel's "Largo"  
Her encore was "Ave Maria"

There was a young man from Nantucket  
Whose dick was so long he could suck it  
As he wiped off his chin  
He said with a grin  
"If my ear was a cunt I could fuck it"

There once was a girl from the Cape  
Who was raped by a fully grown ape  
When asked was it horrid  
"All balls and no forehead  
And a prick like a piece of red tape"

Ermyntrude of ample proportions  
Always took contraceptive precautions  
But one day little Ermyntrude  
Let a little sperm intrude  
"Does anyone here do abortions?"

A policeman from near Clapham junction  
Had a penis which just wouldn't function  
For the rest of his life  
He misled his poor wife  
With some snot on the end of his truncheon

There once was a Bishop from Buckingham  
Who wrote "Bollocks and twelve ways of sucking 'em"  
He then went berserk  
When outdone by a Turk  
Who wrote "Women and twelve ways of fucking 'em"

There was a young fellow from Stroud  
Who could fart unbelievably loud  
When he let go a big 'un  
Dogs were deafened in Wigan  
And the windowpanes splintered in Oudh

There once was a sheik from Algiers  
Who said to his harem "My dears  
You may think it odd o' me  
But I've given up sodomy  
And taken up fucking" - Loud cheers

Then up spoke his friend the mahout  
"Fucking's all very well I've no doubt  
But I just had a bunk  
Up an elephant's trunk"  
Cries of "Shame", "Dirty Sod", "Chuck 'im out"

A randy young buck from Lahore  
Was asked "When do you roger your whore?"  
He said "At eleven, at three, five and seven  
And eight and a quarter past four"

There once was a young man from St. Paul's  
Who toured all the music halls  
His favourite trick  
Was to stand on his prick  
And roll off the stage on his balls

There once was a girl from Lake Chad  
Who fancied her father - too bad  
She then caught her brother  
Going down on her mother  
Who said, "Not in the same class as Dad"

There once was a man from Japan  
Who couldn't resist a nice fan  
When asked for the reason  
He said, "When in season  
I always try to fuck as many nice-looking, sexy,  
Immoral young girls as I possibly can"

There was an old monk from Siberia  
Who seemed to get wearier and wearier  
No wonder, this monk  
Kept sharing a bunk  
With his girl friend, the Mother Superior

When her daughter got married in Bicester  
Her mother remarked as she kissed her  
"That fellow you've won  
Is sure to be fun  
Since tea he's fucked me and your sister"

To the Bishop his girlfriend said, "True,  
I'm fed up with fucking with you  
I'll take the vicar  
He's longer and thicker  
Besides he comes quicker than you

There was a young lady named Hilda  
Who went for a walk with a builder  
He knew that he could, and he should, and he would  
And he did, and he goddamn near killed her

The jolly old Bishop of Birmingham  
He buggered three maids while confirming 'em  
As they knelt seeking God, he excited his rod  
And pumped his episcopal sperm in 'em

There was a young couple named Kelly  
Who were found stuck belly to belly  
Because in their haste they used library paste  
Instead of petroleum jelly

There was a young lady of Cheam  
Who crept into the vestry unseen  
She pulled down her knickers, likewise the vicar's  
And said "How about it, old bean?"

A chap down in old Oklahoma  
Had a cock that could sing "La Paloma"  
But the sweetness of pitch, couldn't put off the hitch  
Of impotence, size and aroma

There was a young fellow from Leeds  
Who swallowed a packet of seeds  
Great tufts of grass sprouted of his arse  
And his balls were all covered in weeds

There was a young girl of Detroit  
Who at fucking was very adroit  
She could squeeze her vagina to a pin-point or finer  
Or open it out like a quail

A disgusting young man named McGill  
Made his neighbours exceedingly ill  
When they learned of his habits involving white rabbits  
And a bird with a flexible bill

There was a young man of St Johns  
Who wanted to bugger the swans  
"Oh no" said the porter, "You bugger my daughter  
Them swans is reserved for the Dons"

A handsome young monk in a wood  
Told a girl she should cling to the good  
She obeyed him and gladly he repulsed her but sadly  
"My dear you have misunderstood"

There was a young maid from Mobile  
Whose cunt was made of blue steel  
She got her thrills from pneumatic drills  
And off-centered emery wheels

There was a young lady of Crewe  
Whose cherry a chap had got through  
Which she told to her mother who fixed her another  
Out of rubber and red ink and glue

When a lecherous curate at Leeds  
Was discovered one day in the weeds  
Astride a young nun, he said "Christ this is fun  
Far better than telling one's beads"

There was a young man from Cape Cod  
Who put his own mother in pod  
His name it was Tucker, the bugger, the fucker  
The bleeder, the bastard, the sod

There was a young girl of Dundee  
Who was raped by an ape in a tree  
The result was most horrid, all cunt and no forehead  
Three tits and a purple goatee

There was a young lady of Twickenham  
Who regretted that men had no prick in 'em  
On her knees every day, to her God she would pray  
To lengthen and strengthen and thicken 'em

There was a young girl named McCall  
Whose cunt was exceedingly small  
But the size of her anus was something quite heinous  
It could hold seven pricks and one ball

There was a young man from Lynn  
Whose cock was the size of a pin  
Said his girl with a laugh as she fondled his staff  
"This won't be much of a sin"

A broken down harlot named Tupps  
Was heard to confess in her cups  
"The height of my folly was fucking a collie  
But I got a nice price for the pups"

There was a young man of high station  
Who was found by a pious relation  
Making love in a ditch to I won't say a bitch  
But a woman of no reputation

There was a young German named Ringer  
Who was screwing an opera singer  
Said he with a grin "Well I've sure got it in"  
Said she "You mean that ain't your finger?"

A young man with passions quite gingery  
Tore a hole in his sister's best lingerie  
He slapped her behind and made up his mind  
To add incest to insult and injury

There was a young man from Moravia  
Who cared neither for God or his saviour  
He walked down the Strand with his prick in his hand  
And was had up for indecent behaviour

There was a young nun from Liberia  
Endowed with a virgin interior  
Until an old monk jumped into her bunk  
And now she's the Mother Superior

There was a young Scot from Delray  
Who buggered his father one day  
Saying "I like it rather, to stuff it up father  
He's clean and there's nothing to pay"

There was a young plumber of Lea  
Who was plumbing a girl by the sea  
She said "Stop your plumbing, there's somebody coming!"  
Said the plumber, still plumbing "It's me"

There was an old man of Dundee  
Who came home as drunk as could be  
He wound up the clock with the end of his cock  
And buggered his wife with the key

There was a young parson named Binns  
Who talked about women and things  
But his secret desire was a boy in the choir  
With a bottom like jelly on springs

An elderly pervert in Nice  
Who was long past wanting a piece  
Would jack off his hogs, his cow and his dogs  
Till his parrot called in the police

All the lady apes ran from King-Kong  
For his dong was unspeakably long  
But a friendly giraffe chewed his yard and a half  
And ecstatically burst into song

A maiden who lived in Virginny  
Had a cunt that could bark, neigh and whinny  
The hunting set chased her, fucked, buggered  
then dropped her  
For the pitch of her organ went tinny

There was a young girl of Devon  
Who was raped in the garden by seven  
High Anglican Priests, the lascivious beasts  
Of such is the kingdom of heaven

When a woman in strapless attire  
Found her breasts working higher and higher  
A guest with great feeling, exclaimed "How appealing!  
Do you mind if I piss in the fire?"

There was a young lady of Trent  
Who said that she knew what it meant  
When he asked her to dine, private room, lots of wine  
She knew, oh she knew, but she went



There was a young lady named Hitchin  
Who was scratching her crotch in the kitchen  
Her mother said "Rose, it's the crabs I suppose"  
She said "Yes, and the buggers are itchin"

There was a young man of St James  
Who indulged in the jolliest games  
He lighted the rim of his grandmother's quim  
And laughed as she pissed through the flames

A fellow whose surname was Hunt  
Trained his cock to perform a slick stunt  
This versatile spout could be turned inside out  
Like a glove and be used as a cunt

There was a young lady from Kew  
Who filled her vagina with glue  
She said with a grin "If they pay to get in  
They'll pay to get out of it too"

An organist playing in York  
Had a prick that could hold a small fork  
And between obbligatoros, he'd munch at tomatoes  
And keep up his strength while at work

There was a young girl of Darjeeling  
Who could dance with such exquisite feeling  
There was never a sound for miles around  
Save of fly-buttons hitting the ceiling

A lady while dining at Crewe  
Found an elephant's dong in her stew  
Said the waiter "Don't shout and don't wave it about  
Or the others will all want one too"

A hermit who had an oasis  
Thought it the best of all places  
He could pray and be calm 'neath a pleasant date palm  
While the lice on his bollocks ran races

There was a young fellow named Kimble  
Whose prick was exceedingly nimble  
But fragile and slender and dainty and tender  
So he kept it encased in a thimble

The last time I dined with the King  
He did quite a curious thing  
He sat on a stool and took out his tool  
And said "If I play, will you sing?"

The gay young Duke of Buckingham  
Stood on the bridge at Rockingham  
Watching the stunts of the cunts in the punts  
And the tricks of the pricks that were fucking 'em

A mathematician named Hall  
Had a hexahedronical ball  
And the cube of its weight, times his pecker plus eight  
Was four fifths of five eighths of fuck-all

There was a young student of Trinity  
Who shattered his sister's virginity  
He bugged his brother, had twins by his mother  
And took double honour in Divinity

There was a young fellow named Scott  
Who took a girl out on his yacht  
But too lazy to rape her he made darts of brown paper  
Which he languidly tossed at her twot

There was a young lady of Exeter  
So pretty that men craned their necks at her  
One went so far as to wave from his car  
The distinguishing mark of his sex at her

Rosalina a pretty young lass  
Had a truly magnificent ass  
Not rounded and pink as you possibly think  
It was grey, had long ears and ate grass

There once was a girl called Fiona  
Who used to make love in a Skoda  
With her feet on the dash  
She would cry out in pash  
Now they call her our fondle Fiona

### Jack the Necrophiliac

My name is Jack - diddle, iddle, iddle um  
I'm a necrophiliac - diddle, iddle, iddle um  
I fuck dead women - diddle, iddle, iddle um  
And I fill 'em full of semen - diddle, iddle, iddle um  
I get frustrated - diddle, iddle, iddle um  
When they get cremated - diddle, iddle, iddle um  
Burial's a must - diddle, iddle, iddle um  
'Cos you can't fuck dust !!

My brother Gus - diddle, iddle, iddle um  
Is incestuous - diddle, iddle, iddle um  
He fucked my Mum - diddle, iddle, iddle um  
And my little Sis - diddle, iddle, iddle um  
And when I die - diddle, iddle, iddle um  
And go up to the sky - diddle, iddle, iddle um  
I'll fuck brother Gus - diddle, iddle, iddle um  
'Cos he's incestuous !!

### The QuarterMaster's Stores

There was Dick, Dick playing with his prick  
In the stores, in the stores  
There was Jock, Jock playing with his cock  
In the QuarterMaster's stores

Chorus >

My eyes are dim I cannot see  
I have not brought my specs with me  
I have not brought my specs with me

There was Jim, Jim trying to get it in  
In the stores, in the stores  
There was Fred, Fred taking it in the head  
In the QuarterMaster's stores

There was Frank, Frank having a damn good wank  
In the stores, in the stores  
There was Jane, Jane having it off again  
In the QuarterMaster's stores

### My Blue Heaven

They're all over me, and my oppo's got three  
But we're happy with my crab lotion

## Life Presents a Dismal Picture

Life presents a dismal picture  
Dark and dreary as the womb  
Father's got an anal stricture  
Mother's got a fallen womb

Sister Sue has been aborted  
For the forty-second time  
Brother Bill has been deported  
For a homosexual crime

Nurse has chronic menstruation  
Never laughs and never smiles  
Mine's a dismal occupation  
Cracking ice for Grandpa's piles

In a small brown paper parcel  
Wrapped in a mysterious way  
Is an imitation rectum  
Grandad uses twice a day

Joe the postman called this morning  
Stuck his prick through the door  
We could not despite endearment  
Get it out till half-past four

Even now the baby's started  
Having epileptic fits  
Every time it coughs it spews  
Every time it farts it shits

Yet we are not broken-hearted  
Neither are we up the spout  
Aunty Mabel has just farted  
Blown her arsehole inside out

## Popeye the Sailor Man

I'm Popeye the sailor man  
I live in a caravan  
There's a hole in the middle  
Where I do my piddle  
I'm Popeye the sailor man  
Poop, poop

I'm Popeye the sailor man  
I live in a frying pan  
Turn up the gas and  
Burn up my ass  
I'm Popeye the sailor man  
Poop, poop

I'm Popeye the sailor man  
I live in a caravan  
I fuck to the finish  
'Cos I eat my spinach  
I'm Popeye the sailor man  
Poop, poop

I'm Popeye the sailor man  
I live in a pot of jam  
And it's so sticky  
It sticks to my dicky  
I'm Popeye the sailor man  
Poop, poop

I'm Popeye the sailor man  
I live in a lavatory pan  
When I go swimming  
I goose all the women  
I'm Popeye the sailor man  
Poop, poop

## The Alphabet

A is for Arseholes all covered in hair

Heigh Ho said Rolly

B is the Bugger that wished he were there

With a rolly polly, up 'em and stuff 'em

Heigh Ho said Anthony Rolly

C is for Cunt all dripping with piss

Heigh said Rolly

D is the Drunkard who gave it a kiss

With a rolly polly, up 'em and stuff 'em

Heigh Ho said Anthony Rolly

E is for Eunuch with only one ball

Heigh Ho said Rolly

F is for Faggots with no balls at all

With a rolly polly, up 'em and stuff 'em

Heigh Ho said Anthony Rolly

G is for Gonorrhea, Goitre and Gout

Heigh Ho said Rolly

H is for Harlot that spread it about

With a rolly polly, up 'em and stuff 'em

Heigh Ho said Anthony Rolly

I is for Injection for clap, pox and itch  
Heigh Ho said Rolly  
J is for Jerk of a dog on a bitch  
With a roly polly, up 'em and stuff 'em  
Heigh Ho said Anthony Rolly

K is for King who thought fucking a bore  
Heigh Ho said Rolly  
L is for Lesbian who came back for more  
With a roly polly, up 'em and stuff 'em  
Heigh Ho said Anthony Rolly

M is for Maidenhead tattered and torn  
Heigh Ho said Rolly  
N is for Noble who died with the horn  
With a roly polly, up 'em and stuff 'em  
Heigh Ho said Anthony Rolly

O is for Orifice gently revealed  
Heigh Ho said Rolly  
P is for Prick all pranged up and peeled  
With a roly polly, up 'em and stuff 'em  
Heigh Ho said Anthony Rolly

Q is the Quaker who shit in his hat  
Heigh Ho said Rolly  
R is the Roger who rogered the cat  
With a roly polly, up 'em and stuff 'em  
Heigh Ho said Anthony Rolly



S is the Shitpot all full to the brim  
Heigh Ho said Rolly  
T is the Turds that are floating within  
With a roly polly, up 'em and stuff 'em  
Heigh Ho said Anthony Rolly

U is the Usher who taught us at school  
Heigh Ho said Rolly  
V is the Virgin that played with his tool  
With a roly polly, up 'em and stuff 'em  
Heigh Ho said Anthony Rolly

W is the Whore who thought fucking a farce  
Heigh Ho said Rolly  
X, Y and Z you can stuff up your arse  
With a roly polly, up 'em and stuff 'em  
Heigh Ho said Anthony Rolly

### Durex Song

*Sung to the melody of "Diamonds Are a Girl's Best Friend"*

A poke with a bloke might be quite incidental  
But Durex is a girl's best friend  
She might get the poke but she won't get parental  
Yes, Durex is a girl's best friend

When you shove it in, you feel that good old latex skin  
When you let fly, none gets by, why?  
'Cos it's all gathered up in the end of a Durex  
Yes, Durex is a girl's best friend

## Did You Ever See

Oh I got an Auntie Sissy  
And she's only got one titty  
But it's very long and pointed  
And the nipple's double jointed

Chorus >

Did you ever see  
Did you ever see  
Did you ever see  
Such a funny thing before

I've got a cousin Daniel  
And he's got a cocker spaniel  
If you tickled 'im in the middle  
He would lift his leg and piddle

Oh I've got a cousin Rupert  
He plays outside half for Newport  
They think so much about him  
That they always play without him

Oh I've got a cousin Anna  
And she's got a grand piana  
And she ran aram arama  
Till the neighbours say "God Damn her!"

## The Traveller

I came home on Saturday night as drunk as I could be  
And there was a hat upon the rack where my old hat  
should be

So I said to my wife, the curse of my life, "Explain this  
thing to me, whose is that hat upon the rack where my  
old hat should be?"

"Oh you're drunk, you're drunk you silly old fool  
As drunk as a skunk can be,  
That's not a hat upon the rack, but a chamberpot you see".  
Well I've travelled this wide world over,  
Ten thousand miles or more,  
But a jerry with a hatband on I never saw before.

I came home on Saturday night as drunk as I could be  
And there was a horse in the stable where my horse  
ought to be

So I said to my wife, the curse of my life, "Explain this  
thing to me, whose is the horse in the stable where  
my horse ought to be?"

"Oh you're drunk, you're drunk you silly old fool  
As drunk as a skunk can be,  
That's not a horse in the stable, but a milch cow you  
can see"  
Well I've travelled this wide world over,  
Ten thousand miles or more  
But a milch cow with a saddle on I never saw before.

I came home on Saturday night as drunk as I could be,  
And there were some breeks beside the bed  
where my breeks ought to be,  
So I said to my wife, the curse of my life "Explain this  
thing to me, whose are those breeks a lying where my  
breeks ought to be?"  
"Oh you're drunk, you're drunk you silly old fool  
As drunk as a skunk can be,  
Those aren't a pair of breeches but a polishing cloth  
you see"  
Well I've travelled this wide world over,  
Ten thousand miles or more,  
But a polishing cloth with buttons on I never saw before.

I came home on Saturday night as drunk as I could be  
And there was a head on the pillow where my head  
ought to be  
So I said to my wife, the curse of my life "Explain this  
thing to me, whose is this head a lying there where my  
head ought to be?"  
"Oh you're drunk, you're drunk you silly old fool  
As drunk as a skunk can be, that's not a head on the  
pillow  
But a mushmelon you see.  
Well I've travelled this wide world over,  
Ten thousand miles or more,  
But a mushmelon with a moustache I never saw before

I came home on Saturday night as drunk as I could be  
And there was a prick inside my bed  
where my prick ought to be  
So I said to my wife the curse of my life "Explain this  
thing to me, whose is this prick a standing here  
where my prick ought to be?"  
"Oh you're drunk, you're drunk you silly old fool  
As drunk as a skunk can be, that's not a prick a standing  
there but a carrot that you see".  
Well I've travelled this wide world over,  
Ten thousand miles or more  
But a carrot with balls on I never saw before

I came home on Saturday night as drunk as I could be  
There was a stain on the counterpane and it didn't  
come from me  
So I said to my wife the curse of my life "Explain this  
thing to me, what's this stain on the counterpane that  
didn't come from me?"  
"Oh you're drunk, you're drunk you silly old fool  
As drunk as a skunk can be, that's not a stain on the  
counterpane but some baby's milk you see"  
Well I've travelled this wide world over  
Ten thousand miles or more  
But baby's milk that smelt like cum I've never smelt  
before.

## Clementine

There she stood beside the bar rail  
Drinking pink gins for two bits  
And the swollen whisky barrels  
Stood in awe beside her tits

Chorus >

I owe my darlin', I owe my darlin'  
I owe my darlin' Clementine  
Three bent pennies and a nickel  
Oh, my darlin' Clementine

Eyes of whisky, lips of water  
As she sodden at me peer  
Dawns the daylight in her temple  
With a bollock warming leer

Hung me guitar on the bar rail  
At the sweetness of the sign  
In one leap leapt out me trousers  
Plunged into the foaming brine

She was bawdy, she was busty  
She could match the great Buzoom  
As she strained out of her bloomers  
Like a melon tree in bloom

On the oak tree and the cypress  
Never more together twine  
Since that creeping poison ivy  
Laid its blight on Clementine

Ram It I'm R.D.P.

Chorus >

La La La La La etc.....Ram it I'm R.D.P.

I was walking through the dockyard  
One morning bright and fair  
When a sailor came towards me  
He had long and shaggy hair  
And he looked for all the world as though  
He didn't have a care  
And he said, "Why are you looking at me?"  
I said, "Well in your uniform, you really look a scruff"  
He said, "See me in my civvies mate,  
I'm really quite the stuff,  
And when I put me Brut on I smell just like a pouff  
I'm a smoothie from R.N.B.  
I've been to Honolulu and I've been to Tokyo  
I've been to San Francisco most any place you'll go  
I've had nine years in the Navy  
And there's just three days to go  
Ram it mate I'm R.D.P.

There'll be no more get your hair cut  
No standing out in rows  
No more duty watches, no more RPOs  
No killicks, pigs or PTIs, now they get up my nose  
And ram it mate I'm R.D.P.

Cos' I've returned me pussers dirk, I'm sure I'll feel the loss  
Two blue suits and steaming boots and now I'll count the cost  
Well I'll stand outside of barracks  
And make rude signs at the Joss  
And ram it mate I'm R.D. P.

I've trapped polar bears in Iceland, film stars down in Nice  
Grizzly bears in Canada and snappers in the Fleece  
But now it's nearly over and there's two days to release  
Ram it mate I'm R.D.P.

I've done me share of punishment  
I've sweated in the sun  
I've had nines and fines and DQ's but now it's nearly done  
And now some silly basket has just asked me to sign on  
But ram it mate I'm R.D.P.

But now I've stood here talking for really long enough  
I've got to go to barracks mate, I've got to pack me stuff  
Perhaps I might come in again if civvy street gets rough  
But ram it mate I'm R.D.P.

### Song for Chippies

*Sung to the melody of "The Chattanooga Choochoo"*

Pardon me boy, is that a job card that you're holding  
We are chippies you know, and we're on a go-slow  
The last to get completed was a year ago in May  
I'm up to here with job cards, so you'd better go away  
We're not here for our pleasure  
We're only after treasure  
So cross my palm with silver and I'll do it right away



## The Street of a Thousand Arseholes

In the street of a thousand arseholes  
'Neath the sign of a swinging tit  
There lived a chinese maiden by the name of U-Flung Shit

Chorus>

Her greasy twat was forever hot  
U-Flung Shit her name, her name  
U-Flung Shit her name

She sat beneath the joss sticks  
With a smile of celestial bliss  
Her breath like scented lotus, her eyes like pools of piss

Chorus:

She thought of her lover, the bastard  
She thought of her pox-ridden beaux  
She thought of the scores she's had on the floors  
When up walked Wun-Hung-Low

Chorus:

"Oh come to me you bag of shit"  
He cried with tits in hand  
"My love for you will last for hours  
Like ice upon the desert sand"

Chorus:

She raised herself on her starboard tit  
And gave her twat a tweak  
With her smiles in her eyes she looked at him  
And said "Go fuck a Peke"

Chorus:

He clutched his knob with calloused hand  
And beat it on the walls  
Removed his hat and trampled that  
Then danced upon his balls

Chorus:

At length with anger screaming out  
He pissed himself with spleen  
He went and shit and stamped in it  
His scrotum turned quite green

Chorus:

His anger quickly mastered him  
He fell with fury black  
She stood on him and bared her quim  
And pissed on the bugger's back

Chorus:

The chinese maiden now is gone  
No longer does she sit  
In the street of a thousand arseholes  
By the sign of the swinging tit

## The Ball of Kerrymuir

Oh the Ball, the Ball of Kerrymuir  
Where your wife and my wife  
Were a-doing on the floor

Chorus >

Singing balls to your partner arses against the wall  
If you've never been fucked on a Saturday night  
You've never been fucked at all

4 and 20 virgins came down from Inverness  
When the ball was over there was 4 and 20 less

4 and 20 prostitutes came up from Glockamore  
And when the ball was over, they were all of double bore

The village plumber he was there, he felt an awful fool  
He'd come 11 miles or more and forgot to bring his tool

There was fucking in the hallways and fucking in the ricks  
You couldn't hear the music for the swishing of the pricks

The parson's daughter she was there, the cunning little runt  
With poison ivy up her arse and thistle up her cunt

The bride was in the kitchen explaining to the groom  
That the vagina not the rectum is the entrance to the womb

The blacksmith's brother he was there, a mighty man was he  
He lined them up against the wall and fucked them 3 by 3

Now farmer Giles he was there, his sickle in his hand  
And every time he swung around, he circumcised the band

The village postman he was there, the poor man had the pox  
He couldn't fuck the ladies, so he fucked the letterbox

Little Jimmy he was there, the leader of the choir  
He hit the balls of all the boys to make their voices higher

Now little Tommy he was there but he was only eight  
He couldn't fuck the women so he had to masturbate

The vicar's wife well she was there, back against the wall  
"Put your money on the table boys, I'm fit to fuck you all"

The village magician he was there up to his favourite trick  
Pulling his arsehole over his head and standing on his prick

The village doctor he was there, sitting by the fire  
Doing abortions by the score with a piece of red hot wire

The village idiot he was there, up to his favourite tricks  
Bouncing on his testicles and whistling through his prick

The district nurse was there as well, she had us all in  
fits

Jumping off the mantelpiece and landing on her tits

There was buggery in the parlour, sodomy on the stairs  
You couldn't see the dancing floor for the mass of pubic  
hairs

The village policeman he was there, the pride of all the  
force

They found him in the stables, tossing off a horse

The vicar and his wife were having lots of fun  
The parson had his finger up another lady's bum

There was fucking in the kitchen  
And fucking in the halls  
You couldn't hear the music for the clanging of the balls

The village cripple he was there, he wasn't up to much  
So he lined them up against the wall  
And fucked them with his crutch

The village athlete he was there, sitting up his pole  
Pulling his foreskin over his head  
And whistling down the hole

James he played a dirty trick we couldn't let it pass  
He showed a lass his mighty prick  
Then shoved it up her arse

### Doh Rae Me

Joe's a queer, a female queer,  
Ray's a feed of fucking shit,  
Me myself I'm over here  
Far a long way from my pit,  
So I think I'll pull my tool,  
La's a scouse from Liverpool,  
Tea I'd rather have a beer,  
That will bring us back to Joe, Joe, Joe, Joe.

(Repeat with clipped notes, then softly getting louder)

## Will You Marry Me

If I give you half-a-crown  
Will you take your knickers down  
Will you marry, marry, marry, marry  
Will you marry me

If you give me half-a-crown  
I won't take my knickers down  
I won't marry, marry, marry, marry  
I won't marry you

If I give you fish and chips  
Will you let me feel your tits  
Will you marry, marry, marry, marry  
Will you marry me

If you give me fish and chips  
I won't let you feel my tits  
I won't marry, marry, marry, marry  
I won't marry you

If I give you my big chest  
And all the money I possess  
Will you marry, marry, marry, marry  
Will you marry me

If you give me your big chest  
And all the money you possess  
I will marry, marry, marry, marry  
I will marry you

Ha, ha, ha, I suppose you think it's funny  
You don't want me, you want my fucking money

### This Old Hat of Mine

This old hat of mine, the inside is quite new  
The outside it has seen, seen some stormy weather  
So I cast this hat aside  
For I mean to travel wide  
Far across the sea, the sea I mean to wander

This old sweater of mine, the knitting is quite new  
The outside it has seen, seen some stormy weather  
So I cast this sweater aside  
For I mean to travel wide  
Far across the sea, the sea I mean to wander

These old shoes of mine, the leather is quite new  
The outside it has seen, seen some stormy weather  
So I cast these shoes aside  
For I mean to travel wide  
Far across the sea, the sea I mean to wander

This old shirt of mine, the cotton is quite new  
The outside it has seen, seen some stormy weather  
So I cast this shirt aside  
For I mean to travel wide  
Far across the sea, the sea I mean to wander

These old trousers of mine, the denim is quite new  
The outside it has seen, seen some stormy weather  
So I cast these trousers aside  
For I mean to travel wide  
Far across the sea, the sea I mean to wander

These old socks of mine, the wool is quite new  
The outside it has seen, seen some stormy weather  
So I cast these socks aside  
For I mean to travel wide  
Far across the sea, the sea I mean to wander

These old pants of mine, the skidmarks are quite new  
The outside it has seen, seen some stormy weather  
So I cast these pants aside  
For I mean to travel wide  
Far across the sea, the sea I mean to wander

Can You Walk a Little Way With It In

Can you walk a little way with it in, with it in,  
Can you walk a little way with it in, with it in,  
She answered with a smile,  
I can walk a fucking mile  
With it in,  
With it in,  
With it in.



### The Vicar in the Dockyard Church

The vicar in the dockyard church,  
one Sunday morning said  
"Some dirty bastard's shit himself,  
I'll punch his fucking head"  
Then up jumped Jack from the third row back  
and he spat a mighty go-o-o-ob  
"I'm the one who's shit himself,  
you can chew my fucking kno-o-o-ob  
You can chew my fucking knob"

The organist played Hearts of Oak,  
mixed up with Auld Lang Syne  
The preacher then got up and said,  
"You have had your fucking time"  
The organist walked down the aisle  
with his organ on his ba-a-a-ack  
Then up jumped Jack and hollered out,  
"You can waltz that bastard ba-a-a-ack,  
You can waltz that bastard back".

A Jenny Wren walked down the aisle  
there was a fearful hush  
The vicar from the pulpit said  
"I think you're bleeding lush"  
A matelot staggered down the aisle  
with the organ on his back  
The vicar from the pulpit said  
"You can waltz that bastard ba-a-a-ack,  
You can waltz that bastard back"

### Queen of all the Fairies

Oh she was a cripple with only one nipple  
To feed the bastard on  
Poor little fucker, he'd only one sucker  
To start his life upon

Twenty-one, never been done  
Queen of all the fairies

Ain't it a pity she'd only one titty  
To feed the bastard on  
Poor little bugger, he'll never play rugger  
Nor grow up big and strong

Twenty-one, never been done  
Queen of all the fairies

And as he got older and bolder and bolder  
And took himself in hand  
And he flipped and flipped  
And flipped and flipped  
To the tune of an Army band  
They tried him in the infantry  
They tried him on the land and sea  
The poor little bugger had no success  
He left everything in a terrible mess  
We see no hope for him unless  
He joins the W.R.A.F.

Twenty-one, never been done  
Queen of all the fairies

## Eskimo Nell

Gather round all you whorey  
Gather round and hear this story

When a man grows old and his balls grow cold  
And the tip of his prick turns blue  
And it bends in the middle like a one-string fiddle  
He can tell you a tale or two

So pull up a chair and stand me a drink  
And a tale to you I'll tell  
Of Dead-eye Dick and Mexican Pete  
And a harlot called Eskimo Nell

When Dead-eye Dick and Mexican Pete  
Go forth in search of fun  
It's Dead-eye Dick that slings the shit  
And Mexican Pete the gun

When Dead-eye Dick and Mexican Pete  
Are sore, depressed and sad  
It's always a cunt that bears the brunt  
But the shooting ain't so bad

Now Dead-eye Dick and Mexican Pete  
Lived down by Dead Man's Creek  
And such was their luck they'd had no fuck  
For nigh on half a week

Just a moose or two and a caribou  
And a bison cow or so  
And for Dead-eye Dick with his kingly prick  
This fucking was mighty slow

So do or dare this horny pair  
Set forth for the Rio Grande  
Dead-eye Dick with his mighty prick  
And Pete with his gun in his hand

And as they blazed their noisy trail  
No man their path withstood  
And many a bride, her husband's pride  
A pregnant widow stood

They reached the strand of the Rio Grande  
At the height of a blazing noon  
And to slake their thirst and do their worst  
They sought Black Mike's Saloon

And as they pushed the great doors wide  
Both prick and gun flashed free  
"According to sex you bleeding wrecks,  
You drink or fuck with me"

They'd heard of the prick called Dead-eye Dick  
From the Maine to Panama  
And with scarcely worse than a muttered curse  
Those dagoes sought the bar

The girls too knew his playful ways  
Down on the Rio Grande  
And forty whores pulled down their drawers  
At Dead-eye Dick's command

They saw the fingers of Mexican Pete  
Itch on the trigger grip  
And they didn't wait at fearful rate  
Those whores began to strip

Now Dead-eye Dick was breathing quick  
With lecherous snorts and grunts  
So forty arses were bared to view  
And likewise forty cunts

Now forty arses and forty cunts  
If you can use your wits  
And if you're slick at arithmetic  
Makes exactly eighty tits

Now eighty tits are a gladsome sight  
For a man with a raging stand  
It may be rare in Berkeley Square  
But not on the Rio Grande

Now Dead-eye Dick had fucked a few  
On the last preceding night  
This he had done just to show his fun  
And to whet his appetite

His phallic limb was in fucking trim  
As he backed and took a run  
He made a dart at the nearest tart  
And scored a hole in one

He bore her to the sandy floor  
And there he fucked her fine  
And though she grinned  
It put the wind up the other thirty-nine

When Dead-eye Dick lets loose his prick  
He's got no time to spare  
For speed and length combined with strength  
He fairly singses hair

He made a dart at the next spare tart  
When into that Harlot's hell  
Strode a gentle maid who was unafraid  
And her name it was Eskimo Nell

By this time Dick had got his prick  
Well into number two  
When Eskimo Nell let out a yell  
She bawled to him "Hey you"

He gave a flick of his muscular prick  
And the girl flew over his head  
And he wheeled about with an angry shout  
His face and his prick were red

She glanced our hero up and down  
His looks she seemed to decry  
With utter scorn she glimpsed the horn  
That rose from his hairy thigh

She blew the smoke from her cigarette  
Over his steaming knob  
So utterly beat was Mexican Pete  
He failed to do his job

It was Eskimo Nell who broke the spell  
In accents clear and cool  
"You cunt struck shrimp of a Yankee pimp  
You call that thing a tool?"

"If this here town can't take that down"  
She sneered to those cowering whores  
"There's one little cunt can do the stunt,  
It's Eskimo Nell's not yours"

She stripped her garments one by one  
With an air of conscious pride  
And as she stood in her womanhood  
They saw the great divide

She seated herself on a table top  
Where someone had left his glass  
With a twitch of her tits, she crushed it to bits  
Between the cheeks of her arse

She flexed her knees with supple ease  
And spread her legs apart  
With a friendly nod to the mangy sod  
She gave him the cue to start

But Dead-eye Dick knew a trick or two  
He meant to take his time  
And a girl like this was fucking bliss  
So he played his pantomime

He flexed his arsehole to and fro  
And made his balls inflate  
Until they looked like granite knobs  
On top of a garden gate

He blew his anus inside out  
His balls increased in size  
His mighty prick grew twice as thick  
Till it almost reached his eyes

He polished it up with alcohol  
And made it steaming hot  
To finish the job he sprinkled the knob  
With a cayenne pepperpot

Then neither did he take a run  
Nor did he take a leap  
Nor did he stoop, but took a swoop  
And a steady forward creep

With piercing eye he took a sight  
Along his mighty tool  
And the steady grin as he pushed it in  
Was calculatedly cool

Have you seen the giant pistons  
On the mighty C.P.R.  
With the driving force of a thousand horse  
Well, you know what pistons are

Or you think you do, but you've yet to learn  
The ins and outs of the trick  
Of the work that's done on a non-stop run  
By a guy like Dead-eye Dick

But Eskimo Nell was no infidel  
As good as a whole harem  
With the strength of ten in her abdomen  
And the rock of ages between

Amid stops she could take the stream  
Like the flush of a watercloset  
And she gripped his cock like a Chatswood Lock  
On the National Safe Deposit

But Dead-eye Dick could not come quick  
He meant to conserve his powers  
If he'd a mind he'd grind and grind  
For a couple of solid hours



Nell lay for a while with a subtle smile  
The grip of her cunt grew keener  
With a squeeze of her thigh she sucked him dry  
With the ease of a vacuum cleaner

She performed this trick in a way so slick  
As to set in complete defiance  
The basic cause and primary laws  
That govern sexual science

She calmly rode through the phallic code  
Which for years had stood the test  
And the ancient rules of the Classic schools  
In a second or two went West

And so my friends we come to the end  
Of copulation's classic  
The effect on Dick was sudden and quick  
And akin to an anesthetic

He fell to the floor and knew no more  
His passion extinct and dead  
And he did not shout as his prick fell out  
Though 'twas stripped right down to a thread

The Mexican Pete jumped to his feet  
To avenge his pal's affront  
With jarring jolt of his blue-nosed Colt  
He rammed it up her cunt

He rammed it up to the trigger grip  
And fired three times three  
But to his surprise she closed her eyes  
And smiled in ecstasy

She jumped to her feet with a smile so sweet  
"Bully" she said, "for you  
Though I might have guessed, that that was the best  
That you two poor cunts could do"

"When next my friend that you intend  
To sally forth for fun  
Buy Dead-eye Dick a sugar stick  
And yourself an elephant gun"

"I'm going back to the frozen North  
Where the pricks are hard and strong  
Back to the land of the frozen stand  
Where the nights are six months long"

"It's hard as tin when they put it in  
In the land where spunk is spunk  
Not a trickling stream of lukewarm cream  
But a solid frozen chunk"

"Back to the land where they understand  
What it means to fornicate  
Where even the dead sleep two in a bed  
And the babies masturbate"

"Back to the land of the grinding gland  
Where the walrus plays with his prong  
Where the polar bear wanks off in his lair  
That's where they'll sing this song"

"They'll tell this tale on the Arctic trail  
Where the nights are sixty below  
Where it's so damn cold that the Johnnies are sold  
Wrapped up in a ball of snow"

"In the valley of death with bated breath  
That's where they'll sing it too  
Where the skeletons rattle in sexual battle  
And the rotting corpses screw"

"Back to the land where men are men  
Terra Bellicum  
And there I'll spend my worthy end  
For the North is calling : 'Come'"

So Dead-eye Dick and Mexican Pete  
Slunk out of the Rio Grande  
Dead-eye Dick with his useless prick  
And Pete with no gun in his hand

A verse of appreciation:

When a man grows old  
And his balls go cold  
And the end of his cock turns blue  
And the hole in the middle  
Refuses to piddle  
I'd say he was fucked wouldn't you?

## Beastiality's      Best

*Sung to the melody of "Tie Me Kangaroo Down"*

Chorus>

Beastiality's best boys, beastiality's best  
Shag a wallaby  
Beastiality's best boys, beastiality's best

Up the rear of a deer.                      Under the tail of a snail.  
Deep throat with a goat. Make it through with a gnu.  
Shove your log up a dog.      Up the fanny of a nanny.  
Lick the twat of a cat.      Shove your willy up a filly.  
Do an illegal to an eagle.      Intercourse with a horse.  
Shoot your load up a toad.  
Get your release in a fleece.  
Get in deep with a sheep.  
Up the anus of a platypus.  
Soixante-neuf with a smurf. Have a goose with a moose.  
Chuck your sperm up a worm. In a heap with a sheep.  
Lick the clit of a nit.      Give some cock to a croc.  
Up the cunt of a runt.      Cunnilingo with a dingo.  
Have a frig with a pig.      Come from behind with a hind.  
Get the pox off a fox.      Up the back of a yak.  
Go the whole way with a moray. In a tree with a flea.  
Have a fuck with a duck.      On a train with a crane.  
Have a shag with a stag.      Have a hug with a bug.  
Up the hole of a mole.      In the lug of a slug.  
Nibble the twat of a rat.      In the dark with a shark.  
Up the thigh of a fly.      Have a shagging with a dragon.  
Sixty nine with a swine Fool with the tool of a mule.  
Get your oats with some stoats. Up the ass of a bass.  
Stick your rod up a cod.      Up the spout of a trout.  
Up the hole of a sole.      Have a screw with a shrew.  
Have a rape with an ape. Beat your wick with a stick (insect).  
Part the hair of a mare.      Ejaculate in a skate.

## Gang Bang Song

"Knock, Knock"

"Who's there?"

"Ida"

"Ida who?"

Chorus:

"Ida like another gang bang, oh yes we will  
You know a gang bang gives me such a thrill  
When I was young and in my prime,  
I used to gang bang all the time  
And now I'm old and getting grey  
I only gang bang once a day"

"Knock knock" "Who's there?"

"Velkommen"

"Velkommen who?"

"Velkommen to Belgium for another gang bang, etc....  
Chorus:

"Knock knock" "Who's there?"

"Ben"

"Ben who?"

"Bend over for another gang bang etc.....  
Chorus:

"Knock knock" "Who's there?"

"Turner"

"Turner who?"

"Turn over for another gang bang etc.....  
Chorus:

"Knock knock" "Who's there?"

"Sam and Janet" "Sam and Janet who?"

"Sam and Janet evening we'll have a gang bang etc....

Chorus:

"Knock knock" "Who's there?"

"Eva" "Eva who?"

"Eva had a gang bang etc....

Chorus:

"Knock knock" "Who's there?"

"Sheila" "Sheila who?"

"Sheila let ya have another gang bang etc....

Chorus:

"Knock knock" "Who's there?"

"Ivor" "Ivor who?"

"Ivor a longing for a gang bang etc....

Chorus:

"Knock knock" "Who's there?"

"Isabel" "Isabel who?"

"Isabel necessary for a gang bang etc....

Chorus:

## Heavy Drinkers

*"Sung to the melody of Bread of Heaven"*

I know some folks who live in Brussels  
And they run with the Mannekin Piss  
They were known as MPH3  
They were drinkers through and through

Chorus:

Heavy drinkers, heavy drinkers,  
And they run a little bit, a little bit,  
And they run a little bit

We have an RA, he's a bastard  
GM now he's not too bad  
ON, On Sex is our Hash Scriber  
And Hash Horn is a bit of a lad

Chorus:

Our Hash Cash runs in one direction,  
And we know he drives a Merc,  
Is this down to the Foreign Office,  
Or is it really a Hash House perk

Chorus:

We usually Hash on a Sunday  
And we have a fucking great time  
We don't resemble the other Hashes  
Cos' we absolutely shine

Chorus:

Throwing flour to the right and left  
That is how we lay our trail  
After the Hash we have Hash business,  
That's when we really sink some ale

Chorus:

We hope we don't run out of beer,  
Otherwise, what would we do,  
Maybe we would have to go running,  
And I'm sure that wouldn't suit you

Chorus:

So we ask you, don't forget us,  
We are champions in our sport,  
The Brussels Mannekin Piss Hash Three  
Is our name, and Brussels is our port

Chorus:



## Frog Song

Drunk, drunk, drunk, drunk,  
Drunk, drunk, drunk, drunk,  
Drunk last night, drunk the night before  
Gonna get drunk tonight, like I've never been drunk before  
For when I'm drunk, I'm as happy as can be,  
For I am a member of the frog family  
Oh the frog family is the best family  
That ever sailed across the sea,  
There's a highland frog and a lowland frog,  
A Rotterdam frog and a Yankee frog

Chorus:

Glorious, hey, glorious, hey,  
One keg of beer between the four of us,  
Singing, Glory be to God that there isn't any more,  
Cos' one of us could drink it all alone, damn near

They say that California is a hell of a place to be,  
The temperature in the shade is one hundred and forty three  
There isn't any women and there isn't any beer,  
All there is, is cactus and they stick right up your .....

They say that Ramsund, Norway is a hell of a place to be,  
The temperature in the snow is minus forty three,  
There isn't any women and there isn't any beer,  
All there are, are ski poles and they stick right up your.....

They say that Poole in Dorset is a hell of a place to be,  
The temperature in the rain is only forty three,  
There isn't any women and there isn't any beer,  
All there are, are poofters and they get right up your.....

Now come listen to me lady, now listen to my song,  
Never let a frogman an inch above your knee  
He'll take you to his flat and tell you about his job,  
Then you'll find you're the mother of a thousand baby frogs

### Masturbation      Song

*Sung to the melody of "Funiculi Funicula"*

Last night I contemplated masturbation  
It did me good, I knew it would  
Tonight I shall repeat the operation  
It's my desire, to twang me wire  
You should have seen me on the short strokes  
It felt so grand, I used my hand  
You should have seen me on the long strokes  
It felt so neat, I used my feet  
Crash it, thrash it, slap it on the floor  
Sling it, swing it, trap it in the door  
Some people say that fucking's mighty good  
But for personal enjoyment, I'd rather pull me pud

Next door she laid and masturbated  
It did her good, she knew it would  
All night the bed springs they vibrated  
She thinks it's canny, to rub her fanny  
You should have seen her on the short strokes  
It felt so grand when she used her hand  
You should have seen her on the long strokes  
Around and round and up and down  
Eased it, teased it, slid along the floor  
Rubb'd it, scrubbed it, tickled it to the core  
Some people say that being fucked is very grand  
But for personal enjoyment  
She would rather use her hand

## The Bloody Great Kidney Wiper

Based on the melody of "Ghost Riders in the Sky"

The lady of the manor  
Was preparing for the ball, for the ball, for the ball  
When she saw a bloody tinker  
Pissing up against the wall, against the wall, against the wall

Chorus>

With his bloody great kidney wiper  
And his balls the size of three  
And a yard and a half of foreskin, fiveskin, sixskin  
Hanging down below his knees

She wrote him a letter  
And in it she did say, she did say, she did say  
Well I'd rather be fucked by you Sir  
Than my husband anyday, anyday, anyday

He opened up the letter  
And when he did read, he did read, he did read  
Why his cock began to blister  
And his balls began to bleed, began to bleed, began to bleed

He mounted on his charger  
And off then he did ride, he did ride, he did ride  
With his cock slung over his shoulder  
And his balls by his side, by his side, by his side

He rode up to the manor  
And strode into the hall, to the hall, to the hall  
"God save us", cried the butler  
For he's come to fuck us all, fuck us all, fuck us all

First he fucked the upstairs maid  
He caught her on the stairs, on the stairs, on the stairs  
He fucked her till the friction  
Caught alight her curly hairs, curly hairs, curly hairs

Then out into the kitchen  
For the cook was now his goal, now his goal, now his goal  
He soon unrolled his mighty rod  
And thrust it up her hole, up her hole, up her hole

And then he found the downstairs maid  
He caught her in the hall, in the hall, in the hall  
Then he went and screwed the butler  
It was the rudest act of all, act of all, act of all

At last he found the mistress  
And flung her on the bed, on the bed, on the bed  
Then he dropped his slack and fucked her  
Till the poor old bitch was dead, she was dead, she was dead

Some say he went to heaven  
Some say he went to hell, went to hell, went to hell  
I heard he fucked the devil  
And he fucked him bloody well, bloody well, bloody well

Yipee ay a, yipee ay oh.....oh

And a yard and a half of foreskin, fiveskin, sixskin  
Hanging down below his knees

Ivan Scavinsky Scavar

The Harems of Egypt are fine to behold  
The harlots the fairest of fair  
But the fairest of all was owned by a sheik  
Named Abdul Abulbul Emir

A travelling brothel came down from the North  
'Twas run privately for the Tsar  
Who wagered a hundred no one could outshag  
Ivan Scavinsky Scavar

A day was arranged for the spectacle great  
A holiday proclaimed by the Tsar  
And the streets were all lined with the harlots assigned  
To Ivan Scavinsky Scavar

Old Abdul came in with a snatch by his side  
His eye bore a leer of desire  
And he started to brag how he would outshag  
Ivan Scavinsky Scavar

All hairs they were shorn, no frenchies were worn  
And this suited Abdul by far  
Cos he'd quite set his mind on a fast action grind  
To beat Ivan Scavinsky Scavar

They met on the track with pricks at the slack  
A starter's gun punctured the air  
They were both quick to rise, the crowd gaped at the size  
Of Abdul Abulbul Emir

They worked all the night in the pale yellow light  
Old Abdul he revved like a car  
But he couldn't compete with the slow steady beat  
Of Ivan Scavinsky Scavar

So Ivan he won and he shouldered his gun  
He bent down to polish the pair  
When something red hot up his back passage shot  
"Twas Abdul Abulbul Emir

The harlots turned green, the crowd shouted "Queen"  
They were ordered apart by the Tsar  
"Twas bloody bad luck for Abdul was stuck  
Up Ivan Scavinsky Scavar

The cream of the joke came when they broke  
"Twas laughed at for years by the Tsar  
For Abdul the fool left half of his tool  
Up Ivan Scavinsky Scavar

## And the Band Played Waltzing Matilda

When I was a young man I carried a pack  
And I lived the free life of a rover  
From the Murray's green banks to the dusty outback  
I waltzed my Matilda all over  
Then in 1915 the country said, "Son,  
There's no time for roving, there's work to be done"  
And they gave me a tin hat and gave me a gun,  
And they sent me away to the War  
And the band played Waltzing Matilda  
As our ship pulled away from the quay,  
And amidst all the cheers, the flag waving and tears  
We sailed off for Gallipoli

How well I remember that terrible day  
When our blood stained the sand and the water  
And how in that hell they called Suvla Bay  
We were butchered like lambs at the slaughter  
Johnny Turk he was waiting, he'd primed himself well  
He showered us with bullets and rained us with shell  
And in ten minutes flat he'd blown us to hell  
Nearly blew us right back to Australia  
And the band played Waltzing Matilda  
As we stopped to bury the slain  
We buried ours and the Turks buried theirs  
Then we started all over again

They collected the cripples, the wounded, the maimed,  
These proud wounded heroes of Suvla,  
The armless, the legless, the blind and insane,  
And shipped us back home to Australia  
And as our ship pulled into Circular Quay  
I looked at the place where my legs used to be,  
And I thanked Christ there was nobody waiting for me,  
To grieve and to mourn and to pity  
And the band played Waltzing Matilda  
As they carried us down the gangway  
Nobody cheered, they just stood there and stared  
And then turned their faces away

And now every April I sit on my porch,  
And I watch the parade pass before me,  
I see my old comrades how proudly they march,  
Reliving old dreams of past glory  
And the old men march slowly, their bones stiff and sore,  
Tired old men from a tired old war  
And the young people ask, "What are they marching for?"  
And I ask myself the same question  
And the band plays Waltzing Matilda  
And the old men they answer the call  
But year by year the old men disappear  
Soon no one will march there at all

*Last verse "Sung to the tune of Waltzing Matilda"*

Waltzing Matilda, Waltzing Matilda,  
Who'll come a Waltzing Matilda with me?  
And their ghosts may be heard  
As you pass by the billabong  
Who'll come a Waltzing Matilda with me



## The Green Fields of France

Well how do you do? Young Willie McBride  
Do you mind if I sit here down by your graveside?  
And rest for a while 'neath the warm summer sun  
I've been working all day and I'm nearly done  
I see by your gravestone you were only nineteen  
When you joined the great fallen in nineteen sixteen  
I hope you died well and I hope you died clean  
Or, young Wille McBride was it slow and obscene?

Chorus:

Did they beat the drum slowly?  
Did they play the fife lowly?  
Did they sound the dead march as they lowered you down?  
And did the band play the Last Post and chorus?  
Did the pipes play the flowers of the forest?

And did you leave a wife or sweetheart behind?  
In some faithful heart is your memory enshrined?  
Although you died back in nineteen sixteen  
In that faithful heart are you always nineteen?  
Or, are you a stranger without even a name?  
Enclosed and forever behind the glass pane  
Of an old photograph, torn, battered and stained  
And faded to yellow in a brown leather frame

Chorus:

The sun, now it shines on the green fields of France  
There's a warm summer breeze  
It makes the red poppies dance  
And look how the sun shines from under the clouds  
There's no gas, no barbed wire,  
There's no guns firing now  
But here in this graveyard it's still no-man's land  
The countless white crosses stand mute in the sand  
To man's blind indifference to his fellow man  
To a whole generation that were butchered and damned

Chorus:

Now young Willie McBride, I can't help but wonder why  
Do all those who lie here know why they died?  
And did they believe when they answered the call?  
Did they really believe that this war would end wars?  
Well, the sorrows, the suffering, the glory, the pain,  
The killing and dying was all done in vain  
For young Willie McBride it all happened again  
And again, and again, and again, and again

Chorus:

## My Husband

My husband's a butcher, a butcher, a butcher,  
And a very fine butcher is he-e-e-e  
All day long he stuffs turkeys, he stuffs turkeys, he  
stuffs turkeys, and when he comes home he stuffs me.

Chorus>

A-a-a-ll the same, singing hey jig-a-jig,  
Fuck a little pig, follow the band, follow the band  
With your cock in your hand, singing hey jig-a-jig,  
Fuck a little pig, follow the band, follow the band  
All the way.

A baker	-	whips	cream
An ice cream man	-	licks	cones
A hashman	-	lays	trails
A builder	-	lays	bricks
A scuba diver	-	sucks	air
A stamp collector	-	licks	stamps
A dentist	-	fills	teeth
An oil man	-	drills	oil
A pot holer	-	goes down	potholes
A Welshman	-	shags	sheep
A carpenter	-	screws	screws
A steelworker	-	grinds	steel
A trumpeter	-	blows	trumpets
A taxidermist	-	stuffs	animals
A joiner	-	bangs	nails
A visa officer	-	bangs	passes
A seismologist	-	bores	holes

### English Country Garden

How many queers can you grab by the ears  
In an English country garden  
Give me a chew and I will name a few  
In an English country garden

Chorus:

Acrchibald and Cederic, Theobald and Frederic,  
All got together in a fucking long chain  
There were arsehole pains, lots of daisy chains  
In an English country garden

How many feeds of arse are in the grass  
In an English country garden  
Give me a wank and I will be quite frank  
In an English country garden

Chorus:

How many inch of dick will make you sick  
In an English country garden  
Four and a half, don't make me laugh  
In an English country garden

Four and five's a sample, six and seven is ample  
But what he wants is eight, nine, ten  
Give him eleven, and he will be in heaven  
In an English country garden

## Rig of the Day

Noooh!

The Skipper's wife was first on deck  
And she was dressed in pink, Sir  
And in the corner of her cunt  
She stowed the galley sink, Sir  
She stowed the galley sink, Sir  
With all the pots and pans  
And in the other corner  
Were both watches of the hands

Ooooh!

The "Jimmy's" wife was next on deck  
And she was dressed in blue, Sir  
And in the corner of her cunt  
She stowed the whaleboat's crew, Sir  
She stowed the whaleboat's crew, Sir  
And all their flippin' oars  
And in the other corner  
Were the Bootnecks forming fours

Ooooh!

The "Paybob's" wife was next on deck  
And she was dressed in green, Sir  
And in the corner of her cunt  
She stowed the beef screen, Sir  
She stowed the beef screen, Sir  
With block and cleavers too  
And in the other corner  
Were "B" turret and it's crew

## Who Killed Cock Robin?

Who killed Cock Robin?

I, said the sparrow, with my bow and arrow  
I killed Cock Robin

Chorus:

The birds of the air said damn it, sod it, fuck it  
When they heard Cock robin had kicked the fucking bucket  
When they heard of the death of poor Cock Robin

Who saw him die?

I, said the fly, with my little eye  
I saw him die

Who'll take his blood?

I, said the mole, with my little bowl  
I'll take his blood

Who'll dig his grave?

I, said the owl, with my little trowel  
I'll dig his grave

Who'll say a prayer?

I, said the rook, with my little book  
I'll say a prayer

Who'll toll the bell?

I, said the bull, cos' I can pull  
I'll toll the bell

## The Black Velvet Band

In a neat little town called Belfast  
Apprenticed to trade I was bound  
And many an hours sweet happiness  
Have I spent in that neat little town  
A sad misfortune came over me  
Which caused me to stray from my land  
Far away from me friends and relations  
Betrayed by that Black Velvet Band

Chorus:

Oh her eyes, they shone like diamonds  
I thought her the Queen of the land  
And her hair hung over her shoulders  
Tied up with a Black Velvet Band

I took a stroll down Broadway  
Meaning not long for to stay  
Well, who should I meet but this pretty fair maid  
Come traipsing along the highway  
She was both fair and handsome  
Her neck, it was just like a swan  
And her hair, it hung over her shoulders  
Tied up with a Black Velvet Band

I took a stroll with this pretty young maid  
And saw a gentleman passing us by  
Well I knew she meant the doing of him  
By the look in her roguish black eye  
The gold piece she took from his pocket  
And placed it right into me hand  
And the very first thing that I said was  
Good luck to the Black Velvet Band

Before the Judge and the Jury  
Next morning I had to appear  
The Judge he says to me, "Young man,  
Your case it is proven clear"  
He'll give you seven years servitude  
To be spent far away from this land  
Far away from your friends and relations  
Betrayed by the Black Velvet Band

So come all you jolly fellows  
A warning take from me  
When you are out on the town me lads  
Beware of the pretty colleens  
They'll beat you with strong drink me lads  
Till you are unable to stand  
And the very first time you will know this  
Is you've landed in Van Diemens Land

### The Featherlite Song

*Sung to the melody of "Eideweiss"*

Featherlite, featherlite, electronically tested  
Small and bright, pink not white  
The best five bob I've invested  
All through the night, you can thrust and thrive  
Thrust and thrive forever  
Featherlite, featherlite, be my safeguard forever



Nellie     Hawkins

I first met Nellie Hawkins down the Old Kent Road  
Her drawers were hangin' down  
Cos' she'd been with Charlie Brown  
So I shoved a filthy tanner in her filthy fuckin' hand  
And that's where it all began.....2,3,4

I wore no trousers and she wore no blouses  
And we both wore no underwear  
When she caressed me she damn near undressed me  
It's a thrill that no one knows

Went to the Doctor, he said, where did you block her?  
I said, down where the green grass grows  
He said, quick as a twinkle, that the pimple on your winkle  
Will be bigger than a red, red rose

Will somebody up my rhubarb rise?  
Oh my rhubarb refuses to rise, it refuses to rise,  
It refuses to rise  
Oh baby, my rhubarb refuses to rise  
Cos' my baby don't love me, my baby don't love me  
My baby don't love me no more

Will somebody up my rhubarb rise?

## Whisky in the Jar

As I was going over Gilgarry Mountain  
I met Captain Farrel and his money he was countin'  
I produced me pistol and I drew forth me sabre  
Stand and deliver, for I am a bold deceiver

Chorus>

Mush a ringum durum da  
Whack fol de daddy oh  
Whack fol de daddy oh  
There's whisky in the jar

The shining golden coins sure did look bright and jolly  
I took the money home and I gave it to my Molly  
She promised and she vowed  
That she would ne'er deceive me  
But the devil's in the women and they never can go easy

When I awakened between six and seven  
Guards were around me in numbers odd and even  
I flew to my pistols but alas I was mistaken  
For I fired off my pistols but a prisoner was taken

They put me in jail without Judge or writing  
For robbing Captain Farrel up on Gilgarry mountain  
But they didn't take my fists so I knocked the sentry down  
And I bid a fond farewell to the jail in Sligo Town

Some take delight in fishing and bowling  
And others take delight in the carriages a-rolling  
But I take delight in the juice of the barley  
And courtin' pretty girls in the morning so early

## Threshing Machine

T'were down in Dorset or so I hear tell  
There lived a young maid and her name it were Nell  
Here were fair, aye and handsome and sweet seventeen  
And her longed for a ride on me threshing machine

Chorus>

I had 'er, I had 'er, I had 'er, I ay  
I had 'er, I had 'er, I had 'er, I ay  
I had 'er, I had 'er, I had 'er, I ay  
I ups and I tups and I shows her the way

T'were one summer's morning in the merry month of May  
When most of the farmers were out making hay  
I cocked up me ear and I heard a girl scream  
I says, Ah there goes Nell on me threshing machine

Chorus:

T'were one summer's evening in the merry month of June  
When most of the farmers were looking at the moon  
I said, To the barn now, where we won't be seen  
And I'll show you the works of me threshing machine

Chorus:

I opened the barn door and there stood me dream  
Her worked on the oil whilst I worked on the steam  
T'was wondrous to see through the dust and the grime  
And when her come out, t'were more dead than alive

Chorus:

The flywheels and pistons were going around  
And then the steam whistle gave an 'orrible sound  
I put down me 'and to cut off the steam  
But the valve had blown off me threshing machine

Chorus:

Nine months later this baby she bore  
The pride of his mother, he was to be sure  
And under his napkin could plainly be seen  
A brand new two cylinder threshing machine

Chorus:

### In Plymouth's Fair City

In Plymouth's fair city, where the gronks are so shitty  
And the booze and the taxis are too high to pay  
It's there that I met it, My God I regret it  
But it was a dead cert to get my end away

Chorus>

As I walked down Union, as I walked down Union  
As I walked down Union Street pissed out my head  
I looked for a woman, a big buxom woman  
I looked for a woman for to jump into bed

It was there that she promised, one night when I got pissed  
To go back to her place and do what feels best  
But the beer had got to me, so much I felt spewy  
And brewer's droop struck me and I felt depressed

When you've got allnighters and you turn up shitters  
The worst that can happen is you spew on her floor  
And when she starts shoutin', it's time to get out an'  
Flannel your way into some other gronk's door

## Shit Song I

Sweet violets, sweeter than all the roses  
Covered all over from head to foot  
Covered all over in -  
Shit, shit, shit, shit

Down in the dungeon six foot deep  
Where all the turds lie fast asleep  
Some are wet and some are dry  
Some don't smell but others, oh my!

There's Dan, Dan the lavatory man  
The leader of the shithouse gang  
Changing rolls, changing towels  
All to the sound of the rumbling bowels

First a silent sigh is heard  
Followed by the sound of a sliding turd  
Splish, splash in the pan  
Singing the shithouse blues

Sweet violets, sweeter than all the roses  
Covered all over from head to foot  
Covered all over in shit !

## Shit Song II

*Sung to the melody of "My Threshing Machine"*

There was a young lady from Sauchiehall Street  
Who went to the Doctors 'cos she couldn't shit  
He gave her some tablets to take it away  
She shat all that night and she shat all that day

Chorus:

Tooraloo, tooralay, it's a bloody good song and  
It's all about shit

She shat all that night and she shat all that day  
The Council sent lorries to take it away  
They erected great hoardings to cover the sight  
Of those mountains and mountains and mountains of shite

Chorus:

Now Paddy the policeman was out on his beat  
He happened to turn into Sauchiehall Street  
He heard a strange noise and looked up to the sky  
And a bloody great turd hit him right in the eye

Chorus:

Now Paddy did curse and Paddy he swore  
He called that young lady a dirty old whore  
And at Princess Street Station you can see Paddy sit  
With a sign round his neck saying blinded by shit

Chorus:

## Ligoniel

*Sung to the melody of "The Wearing of the Green"*

All those who rule this province  
How guilty they must feel  
For the deaths of three young soldiers  
In a ditch at Ligoniel

These soldiers came from Scotland  
Two only in their teens  
In cold blood they were murdered  
While those in power dream

When our own Ulster soldiers  
Some serving far away  
Receive their sprig of shamrock  
I wonder what they'd say

Our own good name is tarnished  
This scar will never heal  
Perhaps they'll plant a thistle  
On that ditch at Ligoniel

It matters not how long they live  
They never can conceal  
They stood aside while soldiers died  
On that ditch at Ligoniel

Our thoughts go to their parents  
When on their knees they kneel  
And try to paint a picture  
Of that place called Ligoniel

It's time we all awakened  
For sterner duty call  
To clear up all the terrorists  
From the Crumlin and the Falls

No good being chicken-hearted  
This method will not pay  
It's men we need with courage  
To deal with the I.R.A.



### Side by Side

I got married last Friday, had me wife there beside me  
The guests had gone home, we were alone  
Side by side

We got ready for bed then, I nearly fell over dead when  
Her teeth and her hair, she placed on a chair  
Side by side

Her little glass eye to follow  
Her wooden leg so small  
Along with other attachments  
She placed on a chair by the wall

I was so broken hearted, 'cos most of my wife was parted  
So I slept on the chair, there was more of her there  
Side by side

### Sailing

I am sailing, I am sailing, home again, 'cross the sea  
I am sailing stormy waters to be near you, to be free

I am flying, I am flying, like a bird, 'cross the sky  
I am flying, passing high clouds to be with you, to be free

Can you hear me, can you hear me  
Through the dark night, far away  
I am dying, forever trying to be with you, who can say?

We are sailing, we are sailing, home again, 'cross the sea  
We are sailing stormy waters to be near you, to be free

Oh Lord, to be near you, to be free

## Land of Hope and Glory

Dear Land of Hope, thy hope is crowned  
God make thee mightier yet  
On Sov'ran brows, beloved, renowned  
Once more thy crown is set  
Thine equal laws, by freedom gained  
Have ruled thee well and long  
By Freedom gained, by Truth maintained  
Thine Empire shall be strong

Land of Hope and Glory, Mother of the free  
How shall we extol thee, who are born of thee  
Wider still and wider, shall thy bounds be set  
God who made thee mighty, make thee mightier yet  
God who made thee mighty, make thee mightier yet

Thy fame is ancient as the days  
As Ocean large and wide  
A pride that dares, and heeds not praise  
A stern and silent pride  
Not that false joy that dreams content  
With what our sires have won  
The blood a hero sire hath spent  
Still nerves a hero son

Land of Hope and Glory, Mother of the free  
How shall we extol thee, who are born of thee  
Wider still and wider, shall thy bounds be set  
God who made thee mighty, make thee mightier yet  
God who made thee mighty, make thee mightier yet

## Maggie May

Oh gather round you sailor boys  
And listen to my plea  
"Cos when you've heard it you will pity me  
"Cos I was a goddamn fool  
In the port of Liverpool  
The first time that I came home from sea

Chorus>

Oh my darling Maggie May  
They have taken her away  
And no more down Lime Street will she roam  
For the judge he guilty found her  
For robbing a homeward bounder  
That dirty, robbing no good Maggie May

I was a sailor bound for home  
All the way from Sierra Leone  
And two pound ten a month had been my pay  
As I jingled in my tin, I was sadly taken in  
By the lady of the name of Maggie May

When I steered into her I just hadn't a care  
I was cruising up and down Old Canning Place  
She was dressed in a gown so fine  
Like a frigate of the line  
And I being a sailorman, gave chase

She gave me a saucy nod and I like a farmer's clod  
Let her take me line abreast in tow  
And under all plain sail we ran before the gale  
And to the Crow's Nest Tavern we did go

Next morning when I awoke I found that I was broke  
No trousers, coat or wallet could I find  
And when I asked her where  
She said "My dear young sir, you'll find them in the  
pawnshop number nine"

To the pawnshop I did go, no trousers could I find  
So the cops they came and took this girl away  
Oh you thieving Maggie May, you robbed me of my pay  
It'll pay your fare right out to Botany Bay

She was chained and sent away from Liverpool one day  
The lads they cheered as she sailed down the bay  
And every sailor lad he only was too glad  
They'd sent the old tart out to Botany Bay

Oh, Maggie, Maggie May  
They have taken you away  
For to stay on Van Dieman's cruel shore  
Oh, you robbed many a whaler and many a drunken sailor  
But you'll never cruise round Liverpool no more

## I Don't Want to Join the Army

I don't want to join the Army  
I don't want to go to war  
I'd rather hang around Piccadilly Underground  
Living on the earnings of a high class lady  
I don't need no Froggy women  
London's full of girls I never 'ad  
I want to stay in Blighty, Lord Gawd Almighty  
Following in the footsteps of me Dad

Chorus>

Call up the buggers in the Royal Marines  
Call up the Queen's Artillery  
Call up me brother, me sister and me mother  
But for Gawd's sake don't call me

Monday night I touched her on the ankle  
Tuesday night I touched her on the knee  
On Wednesday night hooray I pulled her pants away  
On Thursday night I go mad Gor Blimey  
On Friday night I had my hand upon it  
Saturday gave it just a little tweak  
On Sunday after supper I rammed the fucker up her  
And now I'm paying thirty quid a week  
Gorblimey

Chorus:

I don't want to join the Army  
I don't want to go to war  
I'd rather hang around Piccadilly Underground  
Living on the earnings of a high born lady  
I don't want a bayonet up me arsehole  
I don't want me bollocks shot away  
I'd rather stay in England, in merry, merry England  
And fornicate me fucking life away, Gor Blimey

Chorus:

I don't want to join the Navy  
I don't want to go to sea  
I just want to go down to old Soho  
Tickling all the girlies in the umtiddly-um-pum  
I don't want a bayonet up my arsehole  
I don't want me knackers shot away  
I'd rather live in England  
Merry, merry England  
And fornicate me fucking life away

### Pack up your Troubles

Hi! Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag  
And smile, smile, smile  
While you've a lucifer to light your fag  
Smile boys, that's the style  
What's the use of worrying?  
It never was worthwhile, so  
Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag  
And smile, smile, smile

### Down at the Old Bull and Bush

Talk about the shade of the sheltering palm  
Praise the bamboo tree with its wide spreading charm  
There's a little nook down our old Hampstead Town  
You know the place, it has won great renown  
Often with my sweetheart on a bright Summer's day  
To the little pub there my footsteps will stray  
If she hesitates when she looks at the sign  
Promptly I whisper, "Now do not decline"

Come, come, come and make eyes at me  
Down at the old Bull and Bush  
Come, come, drink some port wine with me  
Down at the old Bull and Bush  
Hear the little German band  
Just let me hold your hand, dear  
Do, do, come and have a drink or two  
Down at the old Bull and Bush

In the little parlour on a cold Winter's night  
All is very cheerful, so snug and so bright  
Nell looks at me, but now not with a frown  
She would not change with the Queen and her crown  
It was there I first met the joy of my life  
She gave her troth and is now my dear wife  
Her eyes always glisten when she sees the old sign  
So all of you join in a glass of good wine

Come, come, come and make eyes at me  
Down at the old Bull and Bush  
Come, come, drink some port wine with me  
Down at the old Bull and Bush  
Hear the little German band  
Just let me hold your hand, dear  
Do, do, come and have a drink or two  
Down at the old Bull and Bush

### There is a Tavern in the Town

There is a tavern in the town, in the town  
And there my dear love sits him down, sits him down  
And drinks his wine 'mid laughter free  
And never, never thinks of me

Chorus >

Fare thee well, for I must leave thee  
Do not let the parting grieve thee  
And remember that the best of friends must part,  
must part  
Adieu, kind friends, adieu, adieu, adieu, adieu  
I can no longer stay with you, stay with you  
I'll hang my harp on a weeping willow tree  
And may the world go well with thee

He left me for a damsel dark, damsel dark  
Each Friday night they used to spark, used to spark  
And now my love, once true to me  
Takes that dark damsel on his knee

Chorus:

Oh! dig my grave both wide and deep, wide and deep  
Put tombstones at my head and feet, head and feet  
And on my breast carve a turtle dove  
To signify I died of love

Chorus:



## Tipperary

Up to mighty London came an Irishman one day  
As the streets were paved with gold, sure everyone  
was gay  
Singing songs of Piccadilly, Strand and Leicester  
Square  
Till Paddy got excited, then he shouted to them there

Chorus >

It's a long way to Tipperary  
It's a long way to go  
It's a long way to Tipperary  
To the sweetest girl I know  
Goodbye Piccadilly! Farewell Leicester Square  
It's a long, long way to Tipperary  
But my heart's right there

Paddy wrote a letter to his Irish Molly O'  
Saying "Should you not receive it, write and let  
me know  
If I make mistakes in spelling, Molly dear" said he  
"Remember it's the pen that's bad, don't lay the  
blame on me"

Molly wrote a neat reply to Irish Paddy O'  
Saying "Mike Maloney wants to marry me, and so  
Leave the Strand and Piccadilly, or you'll be to blame  
For love has fairly drove me silly-hoping you're the  
same!"

## The White Cliffs of Dover

I'll never forget the people I met  
Braving those angry skies  
I remember well as the shadows fell  
The light of hope in their eyes  
And though I'm far away  
I still can hear them say "Thumbs up!"  
For when the dawn comes up

Chorus >

There'll be bluebirds over the white cliffs of Dover  
Tomorrow, just you wait and see  
There'll be love and laughter and peace ever after  
Tomorrow, when the world is free

The shepherd will tend his sheep  
The valley will bloom again  
And Jimmy will go to sleep  
In his own little room again

I may not be near, but I have no fear  
History will prove it too  
When the tale is told 'twill be as of old  
For truth will always win through  
But be I far or near  
That slogan still I'll hear "Thumbs up!"  
For when the dawn comes up

### Hello! Hello! Who's your Lady Friend?

Jeremiah Jones, a lady's man was he  
Every pretty girl he loved to spoon  
Till he found a wife and down beside the sea  
Went to Margate for the honeymoon  
But when he strolled along the promenade  
With his little wife, just newly wed  
He got an awful scare when someone strolling there  
Came up to him and winked and said:

Chorus >

"Hello! hello! who's your lady friend?  
Who's the little girlie by your side?  
I've seen you - with a girl or two -  
Oh! oh! oh! I am surprised at you  
Hello! hello! stop your little games  
Don't you think your ways you ought to mend  
It isn't the girl I saw you with at Brighton  
Who - who - who's your lady friend?"

Jeremiah took his wife's mamma one night  
Round to see a moving picture show  
There upon the screen a picture came in sight  
Jeremiah cried, "We'd better go"  
For on that picture there was Jeremiah  
With a pretty girl upon his knee  
Ma cried "What does it mean?" then pointing to  
the screen  
The people yelled at Jones with glee

Jeremiah now has settled down in life  
Said goodbye to frills and furbelows  
Never thinks of girls except his darling wife  
Always takes her everywhere he goes  
By Jove, why! There he is - you naughty boy!  
With a lady too - you're rather free  
Of course you'll stake your life, the lady is your wife  
But tell me on the strict Q.T.

Christmas pantomimes were Jones' chief delight  
Once he madly loved the Fairy Queen  
There behind the scenes, he spooned with her one night  
Someone for a lark pulled up the scenes  
And there was poor old Jones upon the stage  
With his arm around the lady fair  
The house began to roar, from gallery down to floor  
Then everybody shouted there

### Show me the Way to go Home

Show me the way to go home  
I'm tired and I want to go to bed  
I had a little drink about an hour ago  
And it's going right to my head  
No matter where I roam  
On land or sea or foam  
You can always hear me singing this song  
Show me the way to go home

### Danny Boy

Oh, Danny Boy, the pipes, the pipes are calling  
From glen to glen, and down the mountain side  
The summer's gone and all the roses falling  
It's you, it's you must go and I must bide  
But come ye back when summer's in the meadow  
Or when the valley's hushed and white with snow  
It's I'll be here in sunshine or in shadow  
Oh, Danny Boy, oh, Danny Boy, I love you so!

But when ye come, and all the flowers are dying  
If I am dead, as dead I well may be  
Ye'll come and find the place where I am lying  
And kneel and say an Ave there for me  
And I shall hear, though soft you tread above me  
And all my grave will warmer, sweeter be  
For you will bend and tell me that you love me  
And I shall sleep in peace until you come to me!

## Hearts of Oak

Come cheer up my lads! 'tis to glory we steer  
To add something more to this wonderful year  
To honour we call you not press you like slaves  
For who are so free as we sons of the waves  
    Hearts of Oaks are our ships  
    Hearts of oak are our men  
    We always are ready  
    Steady boys steady  
    We'll fight and we'll conquer again and again

We ne'er see our foes but we wish 'em to stay  
They never see us but they wish us away  
If they run, why, we follow, and run 'em ashore  
For if they won't fight us, we cannot do more  
    Hearts of oak etc.

They swear they'll invade us, these terrible foes  
They frighten our women, our children and beaux  
But should their flat-bottoms in darkness get o'er  
Still Britons they'll find to receive them on shore  
    Hearts of oak etc.

We'll still make 'em run, and we'll still make 'em sweat  
In spite of the devil and Brussels Gazette  
Then cheer up my lads, with one heart let us sing  
Our soldiers, our sailors, our statesmen, and King  
    Hearts of oak etc.

### Don't Dilly-Dally on the Way

We had to move away, 'cos the rent we couldn't pay  
The moving van came round just after dark  
There was me and my old man  
Shoving things inside the van  
Which we'd often done before, let me remark  
We packed all that could be packed  
In the van and that's a fact  
And we got all inside all we could get inside  
Then we packed all we could pack  
On the tailboard at the back  
Till there wasn't any room for me to ride

Chorus >

My old man said "Follow the van"  
Don't dilly-dally on the way  
Off went the van with the home packed in it  
I walked behind with my old cock linnet  
But I dillied and dallied, dallied and dillied  
Lost the van and don't know where to roam  
I stopped on the way to have the old half-quartern  
And I can't find my way home

I gave a helping hand  
With the marble wash-hand-stand  
And straight we wasn't getting on so bad  
All at once the car-man bloke, had an accident and broke  
Well, the nicest bit of china that we had  
You'll understand of course, I was cross about the loss  
Same as any other human woman would  
But I soon got over that, what with 'two-out' and a chat  
'Cos it's little things like that what does you good

Chorus:

Now who's going to put up the old iron bedstead  
If I can't find my way home

Oh! I'm in such a mess  
I don't know the new address  
Don't even know the blessed neighbourhood  
And I feel as if I might  
Have to stay out all the night  
And that ain't a-going to do me any good  
I don't make no complaint  
But I'm coming over faint  
What I want now is a good substantial feed  
And I sort o' kind o' feel  
If I don't soon have a meal  
I shall have to rob the linnet of his seed

Chorus:

You can't trust the specials like the old time coppers  
When you can't find your way home



## Rule Britannia

When Britain first, at Heaven's command  
Arose from out the azure main  
Arose from out the azure main  
This was the charter of the land  
And guardian angels sang this strain

Rule Britannia! Britannia rules the waves,  
Britons never, never, never shall be slaves

The nations not so blest as thee  
Must in their turns to tyrants fall  
Must in their turns to tyrants fall  
While thou shalt flourish great and free  
The dread and envy of them all

Rule Britannia! Britannia rules the waves,  
Britons never, never, never shall be slaves

Still more majestic shalt thou rise  
More dreadful from each foreign stroke  
More dreadful from each foreign stroke  
As the loud blast that tears the skies  
Serves but to root thy native oak

Rule Britannia! Britannia rules the waves,  
Britons never, never, never shall be slaves

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame  
All their attempts to bend thee down  
All their attempts to bend thee down  
Will but arouse thy generous flame  
And work their woe and thy renown

Rule Britannia! Britannia rules the waves,  
Britons never, never, never shall be slaves

To thee belongs the rural reign  
Thy cities shall with commerce shine  
Thy cities shall with commerce shine  
All thine shall be the subject main  
And every shore it circles thine

Rule Britannia! Britannia rules the waves,  
Britons never, never, never shall be slaves

The Muses still with freedom found  
Shall to thy happy coast repair  
Shall to thy happy coast repair  
Blest isle with matchless beauty crowned  
And manly hearts to guard the fair

Rule Britannia! Britannia rules the waves,  
Britons never, never, never shall be slaves

### You'll Never Walk Alone

When you walk through a storm, hold your head up high  
And don't be afraid of the dark  
At the end of the storm, there's a golden sky  
And the sweet silver song of a lark  
Walk on through the wind, walk on through the rain  
Though your dreams be tossed and blown  
Walk on, walk on, with hope in your heart  
And you'll never walk alone  
You'll never walk alone

### Jerusalem

And did those feet in ancient time  
Walk upon England's mountains green  
And was the holy Lamb of God  
On England's pleasant pastures seen

And did the Countenance Divine  
Shine forth upon our clouded hills  
And was Jerusalem builded here  
Among these dark Satanic Mills

Bring me my Bow of burning gold  
Bring me my Arrows of desire  
Bring me my Spear! O clouds, unfold!  
Bring me my chariot of fire

I will not cease from Mental Fight  
Nor shall my Sword sleep in my hand  
Till we have built Jerusalem  
In England's green and pleasant land

## It Came to Pass

### *Recital*

It came to pass, there was no arse, there was a famine in the land. And Daniel came unto the King, and Daniel sayeth unto the King, "Why is the Queen not a prostitute?" and the King casteth Daniel into the Lion's den.

"Fuck me" said the Queen and no-one moved except a decrepit old courtier, sat in a corner wanking for nigh on fifty years and grabbing hold of her by the lapels of her cunt, pulled her on like a well worn sea-boot.

"Fuck me" said the princess and the (k)night rolled on.

On the first day the King came unto Daniel, and Daniel espying the King from afar, picked up a lump of crystallized camel shit, (as bullshit was not available in those days), let fly hitting the King between the eyes.

"Shit" said the King and the King's word being law in those days, 50,000 arses turned towards the East and splattered the midday sun.

"Stop" said the Queen and the Queen's word also being law in those days 20,000 turds were nipped in the bud.

## Nabob the Paybob

### *Recital*

It came to pass, there was no arse and NABOB son of the PAYBOB travelled the road from Pompey to Guzz and he was set upon by bandits, not ordinary bandits, but arse bandits, who ragged him, bagged him and shagged him and left him on the road side gasping for a tickler and they drew lots for his burberry.

The first person to walk past was not a tall man, he was not a short man, he was not a fat man, he was not a thin man but a fucking great JOSSMAN who spat on him and crossed by on the other side.

The next person to walk by was JENNY who came unto NABOB and sayeth "What doest thou here?", and NABOB sayeth "I was travelling along the road from Pompey to Guzz and I was set upon by bandits, not ordinary bandits, but arse bandits who ragged me, bagged me and shagged me and left me on the roadside gasping for a tickler and they drew lots for my burberry. And JENNY sayeth unto NABOB "Dwell with me", and he dwelt.

After forty days and forty nights he came unto the bay of sickness and JENNY sayeth unto him "I am pregnant, what steps wilt thou take?" and NABOB sayeth "Fucking big bastards!!" and disappeared into the wilderness.

Here endeth the lesson.

## Sharp      Operator

### *Recital*

There was a young lady who swallowed a Blue Gillette razor blade, not only did she suffer a tonsilectomy, an appendectomy and a hysterectomy, but she castrated her husband, circumcised her lover, took two fingers off a casual acquaintance, gave the vicar a hare-lip and still had 5 shaves left.

## Beginner's      Guide

T is for one, it's only just begun in the bedroom,  
the bedroom, de der de de de .

T is for two, i'm telling this to you in the bedroom,  
the bedroom, de der de de de .

T is for three, i've got her on my knee, in the bedroom,  
the bedroom, de der de de de .

T is for four, now she's on the floor, in the bedroom,  
the bedroom, de der de de de .

T is for five, her legs are open wide, in the bedroom,  
the bedroom, de der de de de .

T is for six, i'm pulling down her nicks, in the bedroom,  
the bedroom, de der de de de .

T is for seven, were fucking up to heaven, in the bedroom,  
the bedroom, de der de de de .

T is for eight, the doctor is at the gate, in the bedroom,  
the bedroom, de der de de de .

T is for nine , the kids are doing fine, in the bedroom,  
the bedroom, de der de de de .

T is for ten, were gonna start again, in the bed room,  
the bedroom, de der de de de .

T is for eleven, were going back to seven, in the bedroom,  
the bedroom, de der de de de .

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